



FEATURE

COMICS

JANUARY THE DOLLMAN SOLVES THE CASE OF THE UNLUCKY QUARTER



LALA PALOOZA



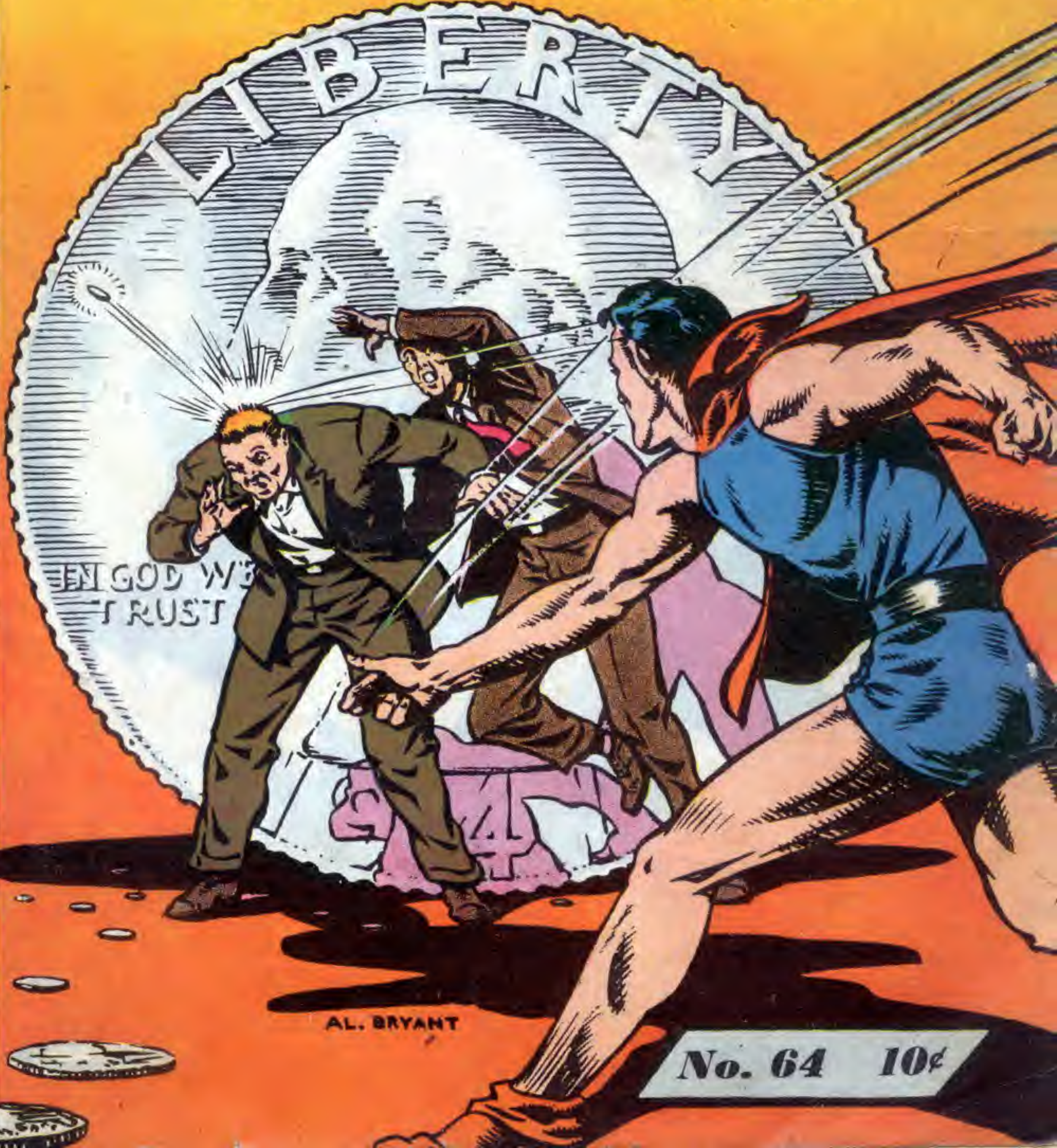
RUSTY RYAN



MICKY FINN



SPIN SHAW

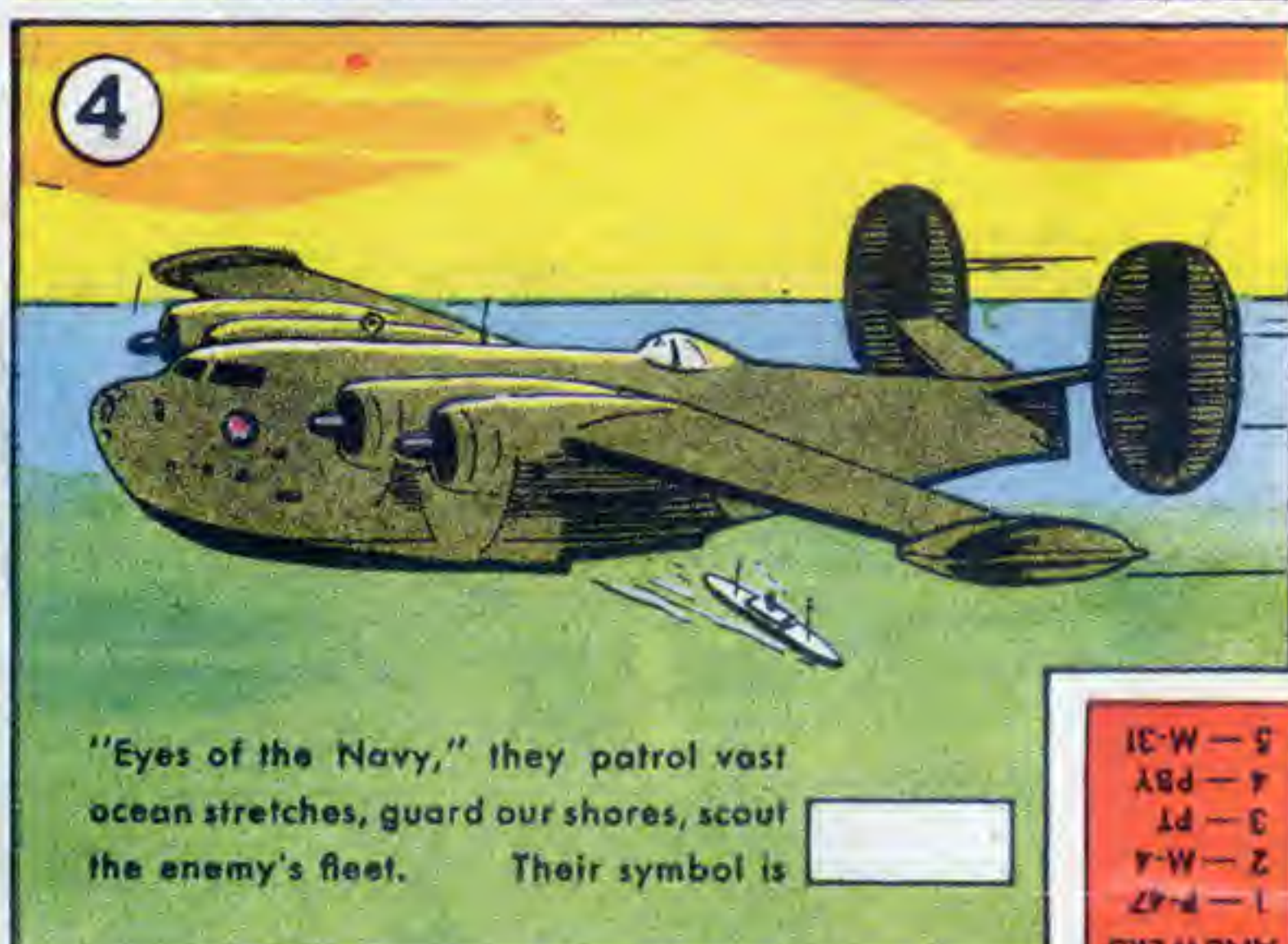
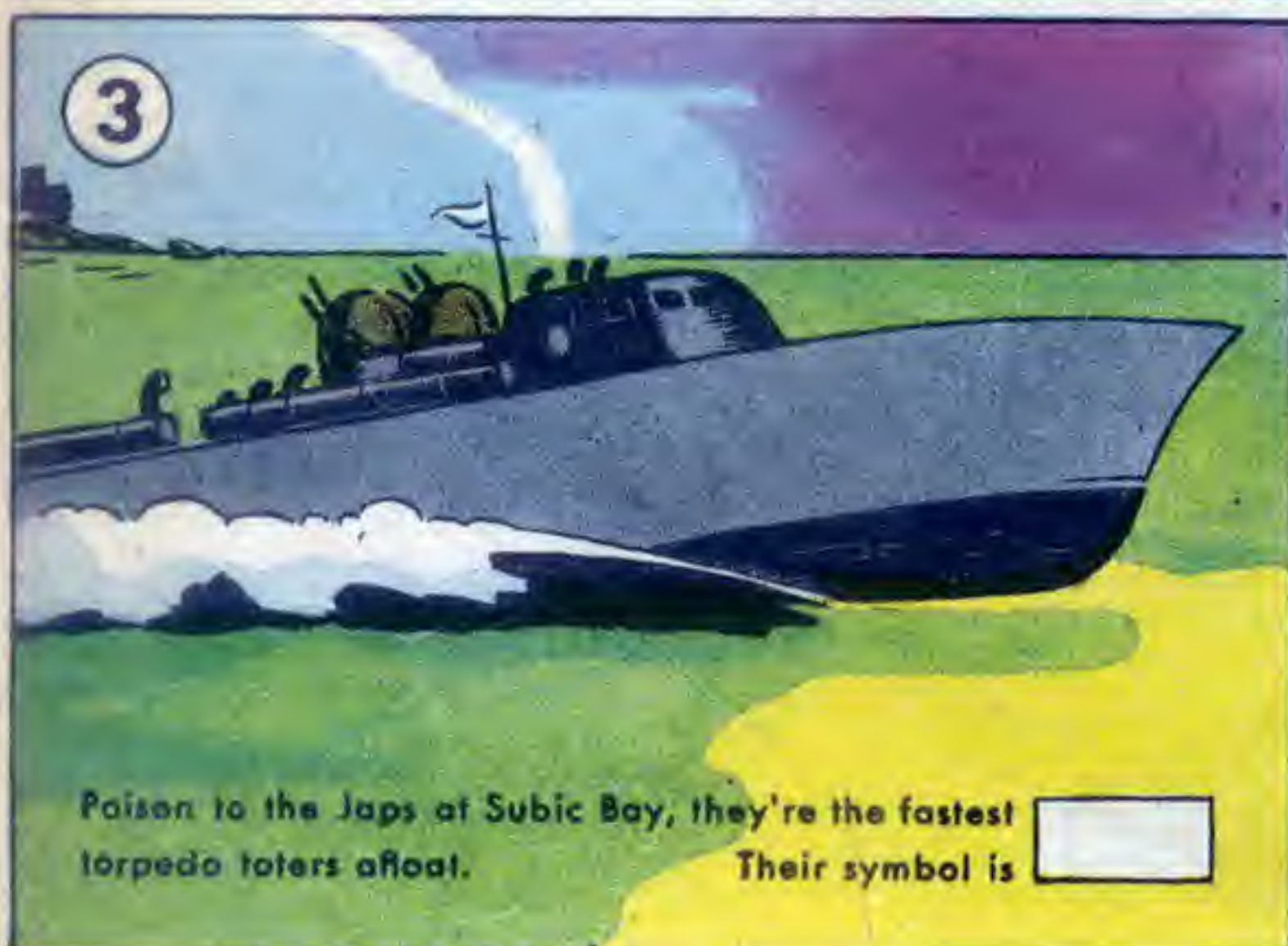
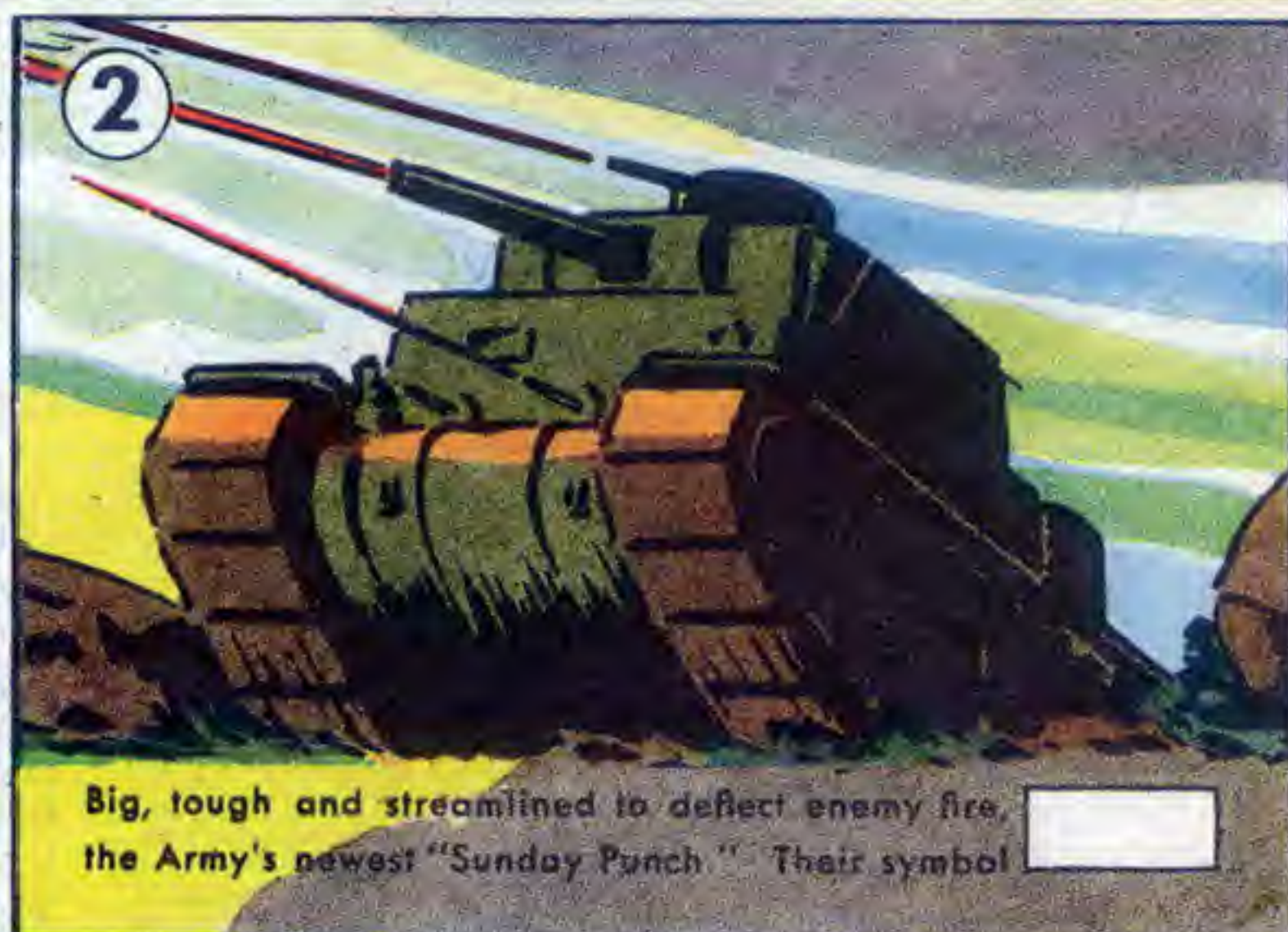


No. 64 10¢

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW OUR WAR WEAPONS?

See how many of these famous symbols you can write in the blank spaces under the pictures.



ANSWERS
1—P-47
2—M-4
3—PT
4—M-31
5—PBX



MORROW COASTER BRAKE. They fight with our Bicycle Troops and with our Parachute Troops. Their symbol is (because of the thirty-one ball bearings that give you the longest coasting, easiest pedaling bike-ride you ever had).

The Morrow Coaster Brake is a member of "The Invisible Crew"—precision equipment built by Bendix—on war duty on every front.

THE INVISIBLE CREW

Precision

Equipment by

Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

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THE DOLLMAN

AND THE UNLUCKY QUARTER

ONLY A QUARTER--A SMALL, ORDINARY COIN. YET, AS IT PASSED FROM HAND TO HAND, IT WAS DESTINED TO LEAVE A TRAIL OF MISERY AND DEATH! THEN INTO THE SCENE CAME A TINY FIGURE, BLAZING A PATH OF HOPE ACROSS THE WEIRD PATTERN OF INTRIGUE AND MYSTERY. THE FIGURE WAS THAT OF THE DOLLMAN, MIGHTY MITE OF JUSTICE, WHO SMASHED HIS WAY INTO THE LAIR OF FATE ITSELF TO SOLVE THE CASE OF THE UNLUCKY QUARTER.



I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME FOR THAT READER TO COME ALONG AND SO FAR HE IS NOT HERE.



OHO! SO THERE YOU ARE AT LAST! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU CAME. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR MONTHS TO HAVE YOU READ THIS STORY..ER.. I'M KNOWN AS "ONCE MORE" CHARLIE.. AND I'M THE SYMBOL OF BAD LUCK!



YOU SEE, THEY CALL ME "ONCE MORE" BECAUSE I NEVER GIVE A PERSON BAD LUCK JUST ONCE. I ALWAYS COME BACK ONCE MORE! SEE? JUST WATCH THE TROUBLE I CAN CAUSE WITH THIS QUARTER..





YA AIN'T GITTIN' ME, COPPERS! TAKE THAT--AN' THAT!

BANG!
BANG!



G-GET HIM, MIKE--
I-I'M DONE FOR! I
W-WON'T LAST MUCH--
MU--UHHH--

MURPHY! MURPHY!
NO USE-- HE'S
DEAD!



OKAY, MIDNIGHT
JOE-- YOU ASKED
FOR IT!

BANG!
BANG!



YA GOT ME,
COPPER! A LUCKY
SHOT--I--I--



INSIDE OF TEN MINUTES, THE
UNLUCKY QUARTER HAS MADE
THE ROUNDS.
SCORE: THREE DEAD MEN!

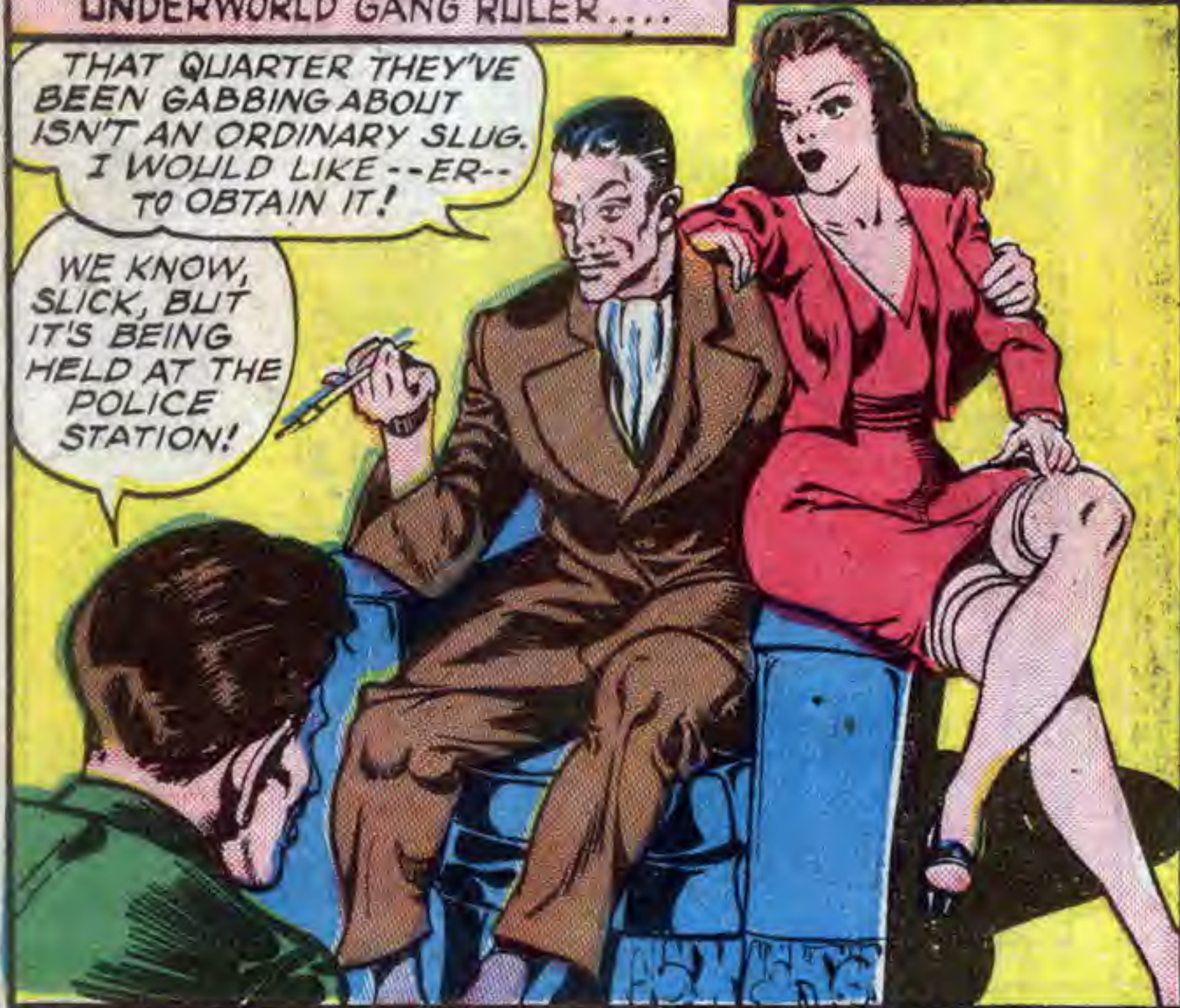


.....
OVERNIGHT THE
EVIL COIN RISES
TO NATIONWIDE
NOTORIETY. FROM
THE MOST COMMON
THUG TO THE
HIGHEST POLISHED
CRIMINAL, ALL EYES
ARE UPON IT--
FOR IT IS
BELIEVED THAT
THE QUARTER
HOLDS SOME
STRANGE
CODE TO
WEALTH!
.....

OUR FIRST INTERESTED CHARACTER IS SLICK SIMMONS, UNDERWORLD GANG RULER....

THAT QUARTER THEY'VE BEEN GABBING ABOUT ISN'T AN ORDINARY SLUG. I WOULD LIKE --ER-- TO OBTAIN IT!

WE KNOW, SLICK, BUT IT'S BEING HELD AT THE POLICE STATION!



I DON'T CARE IF THE ARMY IS HOLDING IT! WE'RE GOING TO GET IT...SEE?

SURE WE ARE, SLICKY HONEY!



--TONIGHT I'M GOING TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND GET THAT TWENTY-FIVE CENT PIECE!



WHILE IN ANOTHER SECTION OF TOWN...

THE QUARTER SURELY HOLDS SOME SECRET FORMULA. MAYBE THE ANSWER TO SYNTHETIC RUBBER IS ON IT!



PROFESSOR BELITTLE WILL BE FAMOUS THIS NIGHT, BECAUSE--



LAST, BUT NOT LEAST... THE HOME OF DR. ROBERTS... WHOSE DAUGHTER IS DARREL DANE'S FIANCEE.

BOSH! THERE'S NOTHING TO THAT QUARTER, DARREL-- UNLESS IT'S COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS!

JUST THE SAME. THREE MEN DIED BECAUSE OF IT... **THUS FAR!**



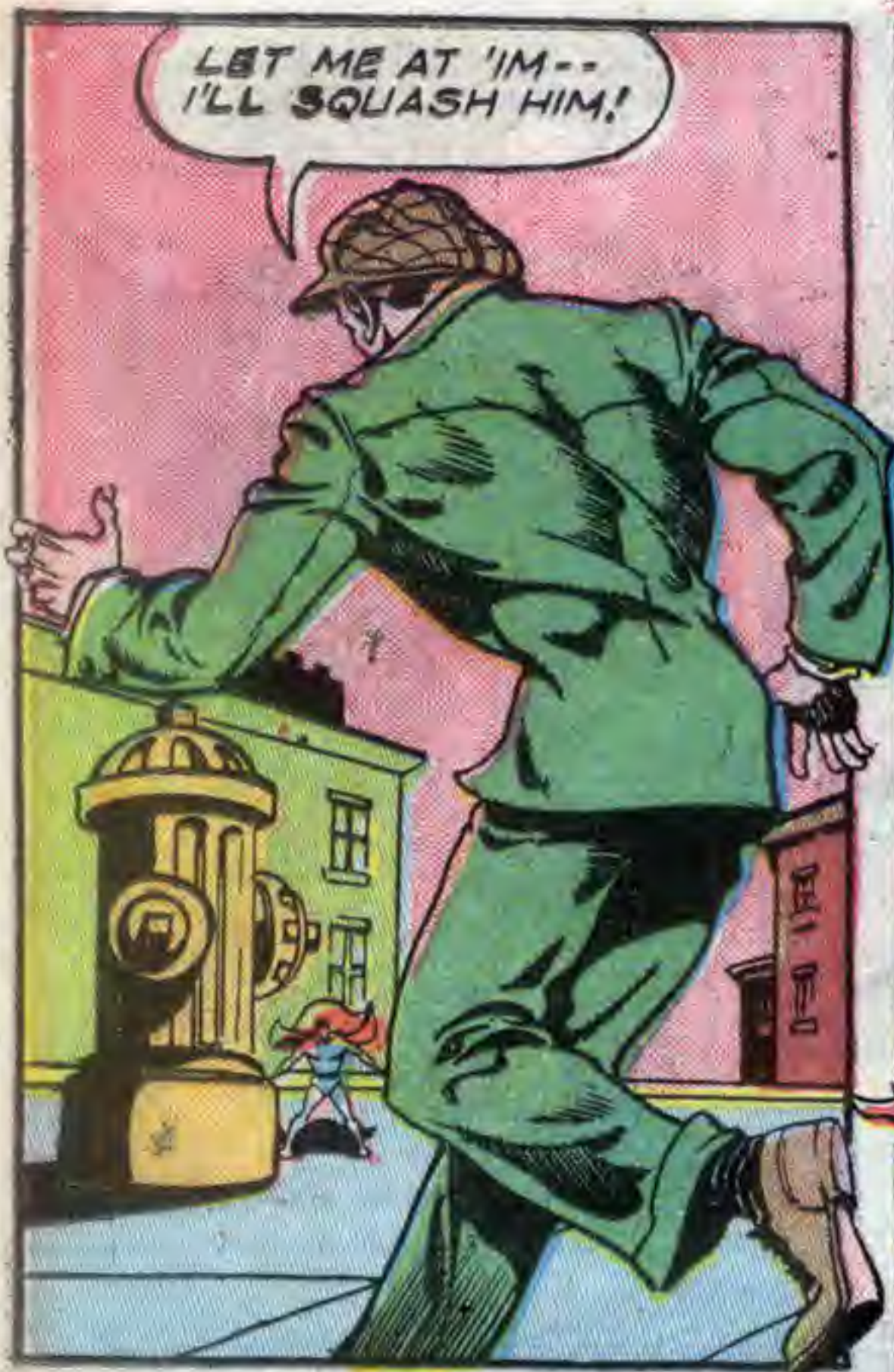
THUS FAR!-- YOU SPEAK AS THOUGH THERE WILL BE MORE DEATHS!











LET ME AT 'IM--
I'LL SQUASH HIM!



WOWCH!



THE LITTLE
$#35;#36;#36;"00**



THIS ONE IS
ON THE HOUSE,
MISTER!

BIFF!



SWISH!

NEVER,
NEVER
LEAD WITH
YOUR CHIN
THAT
WAY!



MEANWHILE...PEG AND
SLICK PICK A GOOD SPOT TO
LEAVE THE SCENE OF BATTLE.

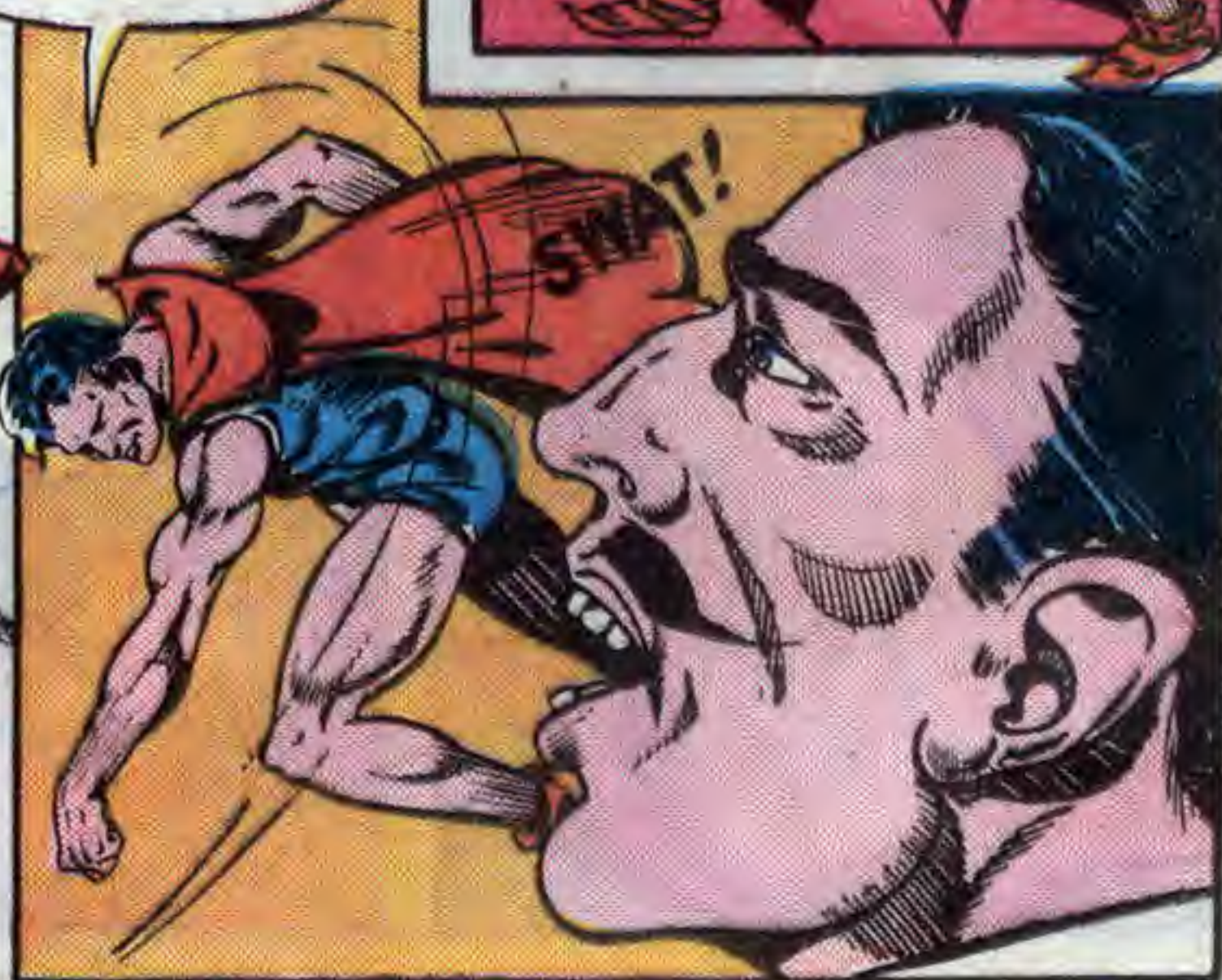
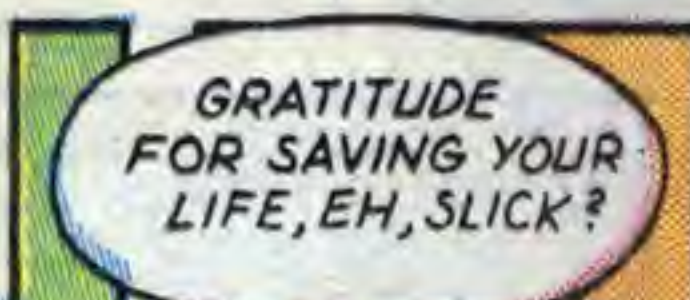
GET IN
QUICK, PEG.
I GOT THAT
QUARTER!

LET'S BEAT
IT BEFORE
THE DOLLMAN
SEES US!



THEY'VE GOT A
START ON ME BUT
-- I'VE GOT TO
GET THAT
QUARTER!

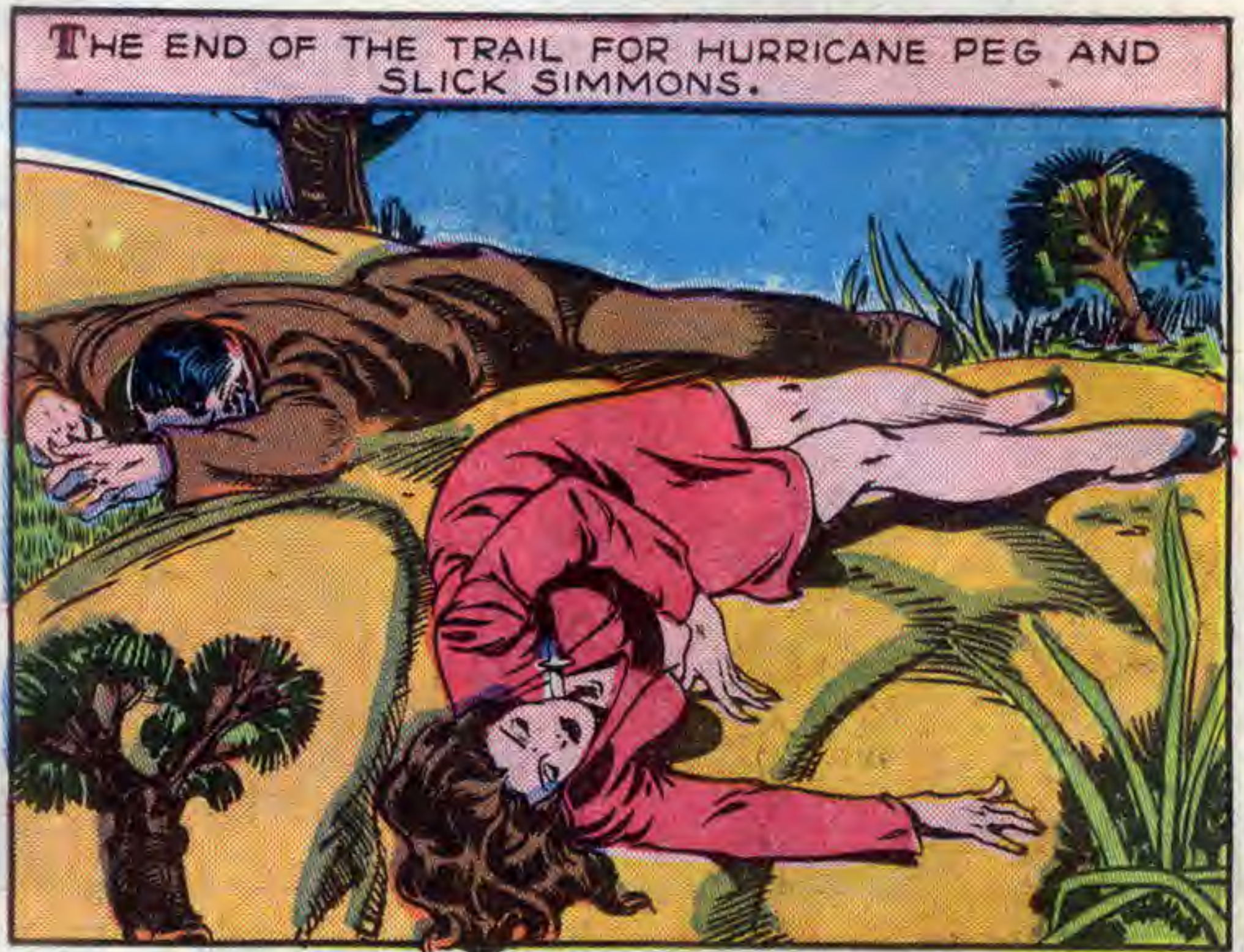








GLU--GLU--SLICK
GOT ME--GOT ME
AFTER ALL! UUUUH!



TIME PASSES...AND ONE
OF THE THREE PRONE
FIGURES STIFFLY GETS
TO HIS FEET.



DEAD--THEY
KILLED EACH
OTHER!



JUST AN ORDINARY
QUARTER..AND IT CAUSED
ALL THIS. JUST AS THOUGH
FATE CAST IT INTO THE WORLD.
WELL I'D BETTER CHANGE BACK
TO DARREL DANE AGAIN.



NEXT DAY....



OH, DARREL DARLING!
I HAD THE MOST AWFUL
DREAM ABOUT YOU -- THAT
YOU WERE NEARLY
KILLED BY A WICKED
WOMAN!



SOUNDS AS THOUGH
THE **UNLUCKY QUARTER**
ALMOST DRAGGED ME
INTO ITS WEB, EH?

IS
THAT IT?



YEAH, BUT IT'S NOT AN
UNUSUAL QUARTER. JUST
SEEMS THAT A LITTLE BAD
LUCK WAS TAGGED ONTO
IT. THERE -- WE'LL THROW
IT AWAY FOR GOOD!



THE EVIL COIN PLUNKS DOWN
INTO A SEWER, LOSING ITSELF FOR-
EVER TO THE WORLD.



DOTTY! YOU
STARTED AFTER
THAT COIN --
AND THE TRUCK
NEARLY HIT
YOU!

WANNA
QUARTER!
WANNA
QUARTER!



NOW WHERE DID THAT
READER GO TO AGAIN?
CONFOUND IT IF I DON'T
LOSE SIGHT OF
HIM ALL THE TIME!



AHA! THERE YOU ARE AGAIN!
SEE, LOOK WHAT **ONCE MORE**
CHARLIE CAUSED BY FLIPPING
AN INNOCENT COIN ON THE
STREET. **SIX PEOPLE DIED!**
I'M STRICTLY BAD LUCK.



AND IF **THE DOLLMAN** WOULD'VE
KEPT HIS NOSE OUT -- MORE WOULD'VE
DIED. OH, WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO
COME BACK AGAIN SOMETIME.. BECAUSE
MY NAME IS "ONCE MORE" CHARLIE -- SO
I SHALL MEET **THE DOLLMAN...**
ONCE MORE!
BYE, NOW.

IF YOU WANT DIFFERENT STORIES..
IF YOU WANT THE BEST STORIES.. IF
YOU WANT A **QUARTER'S** WORTH FOR A
DIME, READ **THE DOLLMAN** EACH
MONTH IN **FEATURE COMICS...** AND **THE**
DOLLMAN QUARTERLY... NOW ON SALE!

NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

IF YOU WANT TO HOLD THIS JOB UNTIL CHRISTMAS, NIPPIE, YOU'D BETTER WORK A LITTLE HARDER!

HUH! YOU KNOW WHY WE WERE HIRED—THE BOSS IS A FRIEND OF MY FATHER! SO DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

GOSH, MA—YOU MEAN TO SAY UNCLE PHIL IS GOING FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE TRYING TO SELL THIS GADGET?

YES, MICHAEL—IT'S ANOTHER OF HIS CRAZY IDEAS! HE HAS BEEN MADE THE LOCAL AGENT AND THERE'S 500 OF THEM IN THESE CASES! THEY ARRIVED THIS MORNING!



NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE! IT'S ONLY A QUARTER—AND IT'S A COMBINATION CAN OPENER, SCREW DRIVER, EGG BEATER—

I'M NOT INTERESTED!



TO OPEN A CAN YOU SIMPLY PRESS DOWN— LIKE THIS—

HMMM!—THAT SETTLES THAT! GET OUT!



HUH! SO YOU CUT YOURSELF WITH IT, EH? WELL, I CERTAINLY DON'T WANT ONE OF THEM!

!



THEY'D SELL THEMSELVES EH! BAH!



CRASH!

?



I-I'M SORRY, S-SIR! I WASN'T TRYIN' TO HIT YOU—I JUST L-LOST MY T-TEMPER!

THAT'S OKAY, MISTER! ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS WHERE DID YOU GET THIS THING?



THE BURNS WASHING MACHINE COMPANY

COME RIGHT IN WITH ME, MR. FINN—YOU'RE GOING TO SAVE US ONE OF OUR BEST CUSTOMERS!



MR. BURNS! WE'RE GOING TO BE ABLE TO FINISH THOSE MACHINES FOR THE ACME COMPANY AFTER ALL!

HOW? WE CAN'T FINISH THEM WITHOUT THAT STEEL SPRING WE RAN SHORT OF—AND WE CAN'T GET ANY MORE FOR SIX MONTHS!



LOOK AT THE SPRING IN THIS GADGET! IT'S IDENTICAL TO THE ONE WE'VE BEEN USING!

BY JOVE! YOU'RE RIGHT!



I'LL BE HONEST WITH YOU, PHIL—I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D EVEN SELL ONE!

I'M A NATURAL BORN SALESMAN, CLANCY! IF I WANTED TO PUT MY MIND TO IT, I COULD BE A MILLIONAIRE!



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

I JUST SAW LITTLE JOHNNY CURTIS OVER BY THE GYMNASIUM, NIPPIE—DO YOU STILL WANT TO CATCH HIM?

I'LL SAY I DO! C'MON OVER THERE AND WATCH ME GIVE HIM HIS LUMPS!

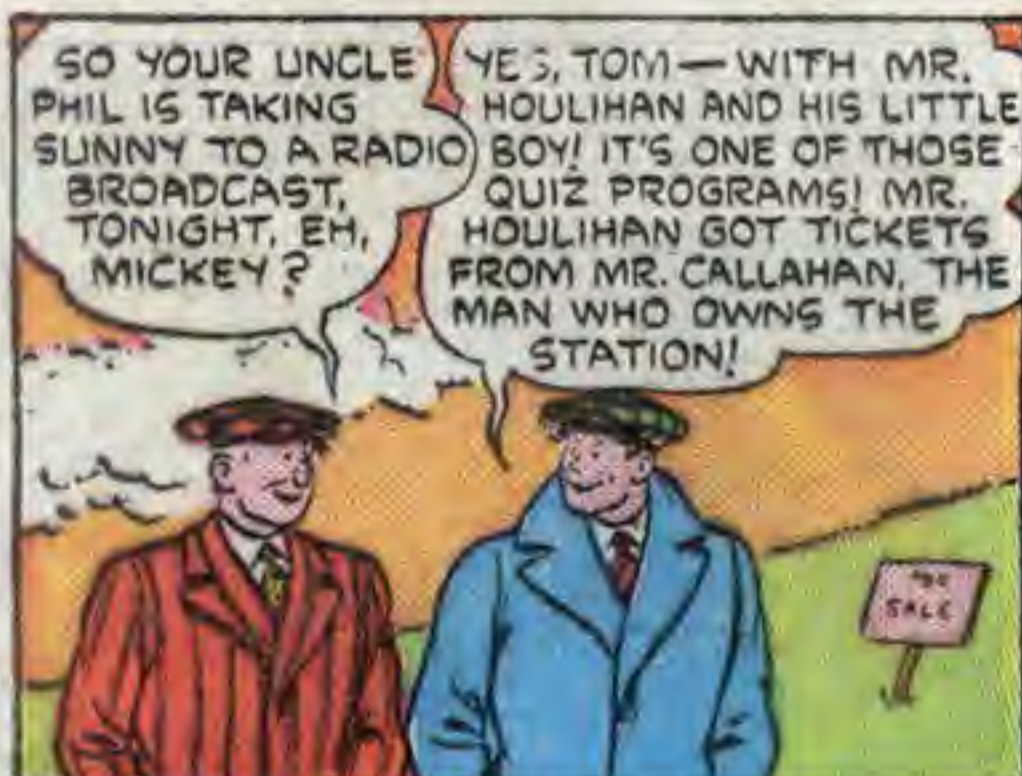
HE MAY HAVE SEEN YOU COMIN' AND BE HIDING INSIDE!

YEAH! WELL, I'LL GRAB HIM WHEN HE COMES OUT—SSSH—THE DOOR IS OPENING NOW!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



SO YOUR UNCLE PHIL IS TAKING SUNNY TO A RADIO BROADCAST, TONIGHT, EH, MICKEY?

YES, TOM—WITH MR. HOULIHAN AND HIS LITTLE BOY! IT'S ONE OF THOSE QUIZ PROGRAMS! MR. HOULIHAN GOT TICKETS FROM MR. CALLAHAN, THE MAN WHO OWNS THE STATION!



I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT OF GOING ON ONE OF THESE PROGRAMS, HOULIHAN! IT WOULD BE LIKE FINDIN' MONEY!

OH, YEAH? WELL—AH—YOU TAKE THE KIDS IN AND GET SEATS—I WANT TO FIND CALLAHAN AND THANK HIM FOR THE TICKETS!



IT WOULD BE A GREAT JOKE, CALLAHAN! AND IT WOULD END HIS BRAGGING ABOUT HOW MUCH HE KNOWS!

JUST LEAVE IT TO ME! WE LIKE TO HAVE A DUMB-BELL ON THE PROGRAM—IT'S ALWAYS GOOD FOR SOME LAUGHS!



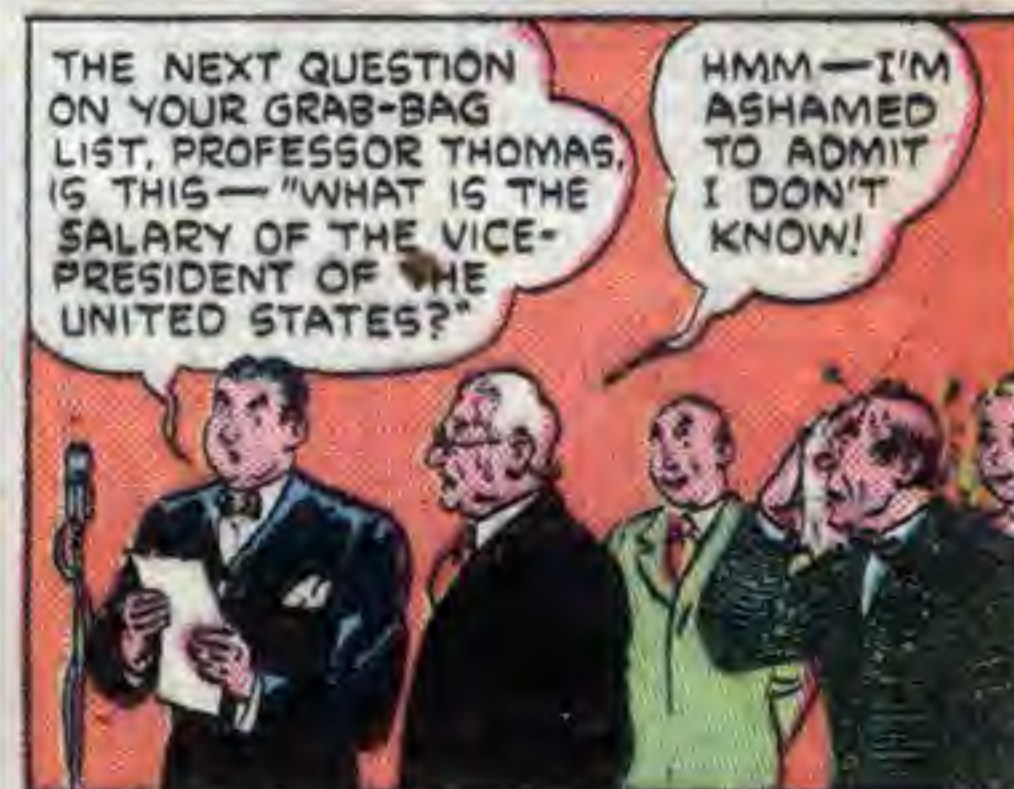
I UNDERSTAND THAT ALDERMAN PHILIP FINN IS IN THE AUDIENCE—AND I WOULD LIKE HIM TO COME UP ON THE STAGE AND BE ONE OF THE CONTESTANTS! LET'S GIVE HIM A GREAT BIG HAND!

T-T-HIS IS SOME OF YOUR WORK, HOULIHAN! HA! HA! YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO TRY IT, DIDN'T YOU? GO ON—YOU CAN'T BACK OUT NOW!



WELL, DR. BROWN—THE FINAL QUESTION ON THE LIST WHICH YOU PULLED OUT OF THE GRAB-BAG IS THIS—"THE CONSTITUTION WAS RATIFIED BY WHAT THIRTEEN ORIGINAL STATES?"

WHY-AH-AH-I-I'M AFRAID I CAN'T ANSWER THAT EITHER!



THE NEXT QUESTION ON YOUR GRAB-BAG LIST, PROFESSOR THOMAS, IS THIS—"WHAT IS THE SALARY OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES?"

HMM—I'M ASHAMED TO ADMIT I DON'T KNOW!



NOW ALDERMAN—IT'S YOUR TURN TO REACH INTO THE GRAB-BAG FOR YOUR LIST OF QUESTIONS!



WELL, WELL—YOUR LIST OF QUESTIONS ALL PERTAIN TO SPORTS—HERE'S THE FIRST ONE—"WAS THE RACE HORSE, MAN-O-WAR, EVER DEFEATED?"

OH, YES! BY A NAG NAMED "UPSET" AT SARATOGA IN 1919.



RIGHT! NOW THE NEXT QUESTION—"WHAT PUGILIST WON THE HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE FROM JAMES J. CORBETT?"

BOB FITZSIMMONS! IN 14 ROUNDS AT CARSON CITY, NEVADA, ON MARCH 17, 1897!



WELL, MR. FINN—YOU'VE ANSWERED NINE OF YOUR TEN QUESTIONS PERFECTLY—NOW WE COME TO THE TENTH AND FINAL ONE—"IN WHAT YEAR DID BABE RUTH HIT HIS GREATEST TOTAL OF HOME RUNS—AND WHAT WAS THAT TOTAL?"

OH, THAT'S EASY! IT WAS IN 1927 AND THE TOTAL WAS 60!



ABSOLUTELY CORRECT, MR. FINN—AND FOR A PERFECT PERFORMANCE YOU WIN OUR FIRST PRIZE—\$50.

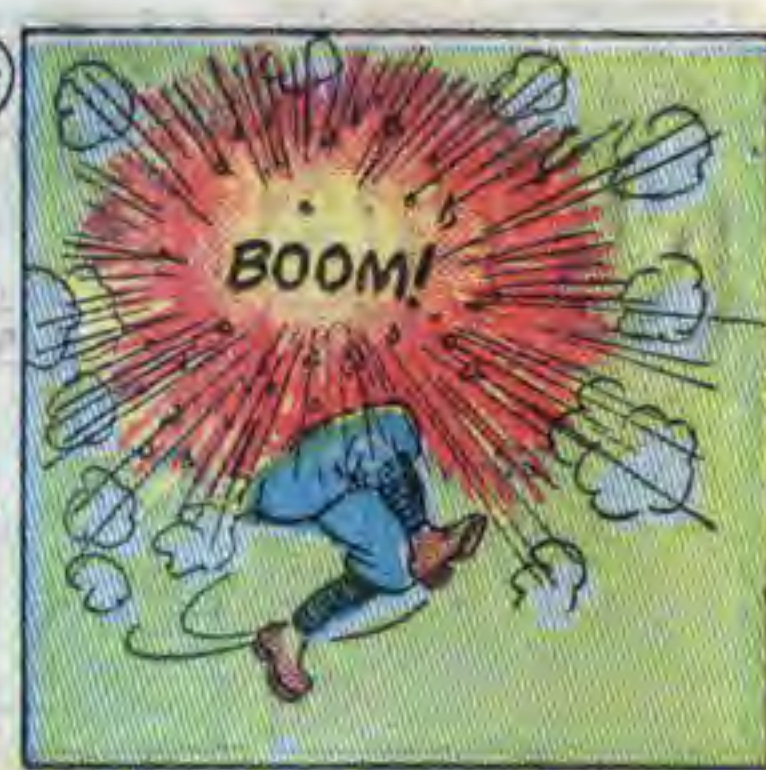
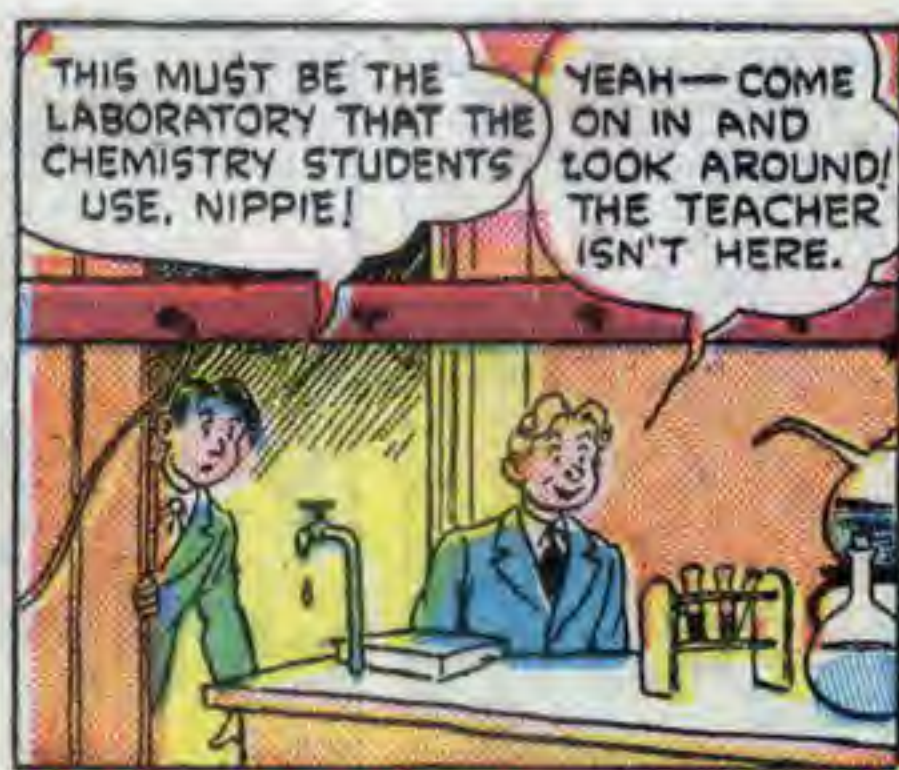
HERE YOU ARE, SIR!



I WISH THEY'D ASKED ME A FEW REALLY DIFFICULT QUESTIONS!

YES YOU DO! BAH!

AND YOU SAID MY UNCLE PHIL WAS A DOPE! TEE HEE!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

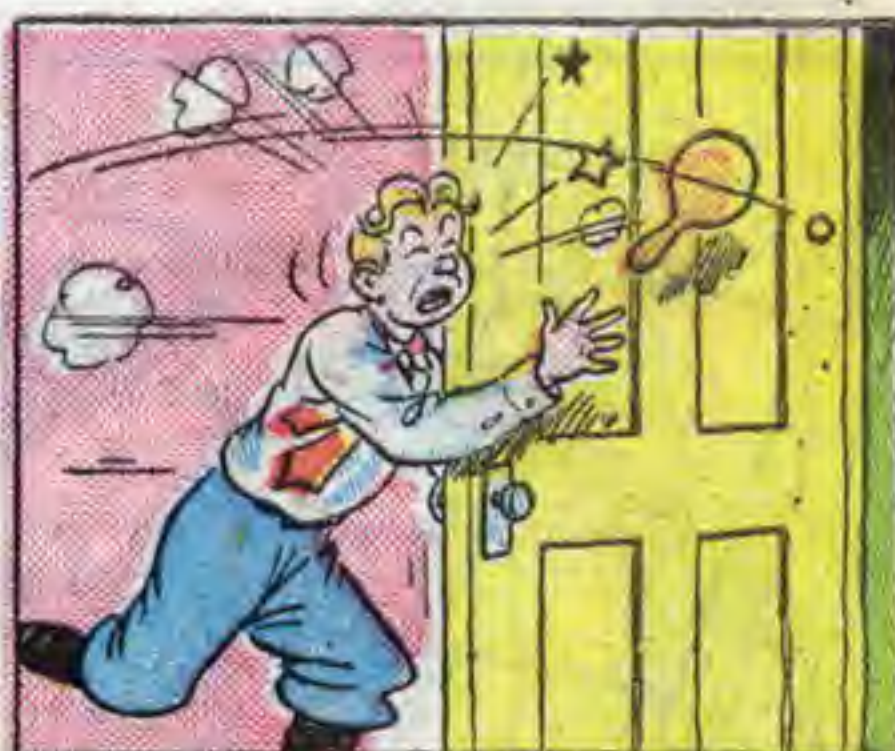


NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

HADN'T YOU BETTER
CLOSE THAT DOOR
BEHIND YOU, NIPPIE?
THERE ISN'T MUCH
ROOM IN HERE!

THERE'S ENOUGH!
YOU WON'T BE
HITTING ANY
PAST ME,
DON'T WORRY!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

YOU SHOULDN'T BE
MAD AT MR. CLANCY,
UNCLE PHIL! HE'S
BEEN MIGHTY NICE
TO YOU!

NO MAN CAN MAKE A
MONKEY OUT OF ME
LIKE HE DID LAST
WEEK, MICHAEL! I'LL
NEVER PUT A FOOT
INSIDE HIS JOINT AGAIN!



YOU'RE BEING VERY
FOOLISH, UNCLE PHIL!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING
TO SPEND YOUR SPARE
TIME? YOU'LL MISS ALL
YOUR OLD FRIENDS!

THERE'S PLENTY OF
OTHER PLACES
BESIDES CLANCY'S!
AND I'VE GOT
PLENTY OF OTHER
FRIENDS!



SO PHIL FOUND
OUT THAT IT WASN'T
THE DEVIL HE SAW
LAST WEEK, BUT
ONLY MURPHY
DRESSED UP FOR
THE HALLOWEEN
BALL, EH, CLANCY?

YES—WE
COULDN'T
KEEP QUIET
ABOUT IT—
IT WAS TOO
GOOD A
JOKE!

HERE HE
COMES
DOWN
THE
STREET
NOW!



BY GOLLY—
HE WENT RIGHT
BY, CLANCY—
HE MUST
BE SORE!

SURE HE'S SORE!
I HEARD THAT
HE SAID HE
WAS OFF YOU
FOR LIFE,
CLANCY!

HUH!
THAT
WORRIES
ME!



DO YOU MEAN
YOU WOULDN'T
TRUST ME FOR
TEN CENTS,
SWEENEY?

I WOULDN'T
TRUST YOU
FOR ONE CENT!



WELL, CASEY—I
THINK I'LL HAVE A
HALF AND HALF!
I'LL PAY YOU
NEXT WEEK!

YOU MIGHT BE
DEAD AND BURIED
BY NEXT WEEK!



YOU SEE
THAT SIGN,
DON'TCHA?

IN GOD WE
TRUST
—BUT NOBODY
ELSE!

DID I EVER TELL
YOU ABOUT THE TIME
I PUT ON THE GLOVES
WITH PHILADELPHIA
JACK O'BRIEN?

YES—BUT TELL ME
AGAIN! I WANTA
SEE IF YOU TELL
IT THE SAME
WAY!



Enjoy Mickey Finn each month in FEATURE COMICS.



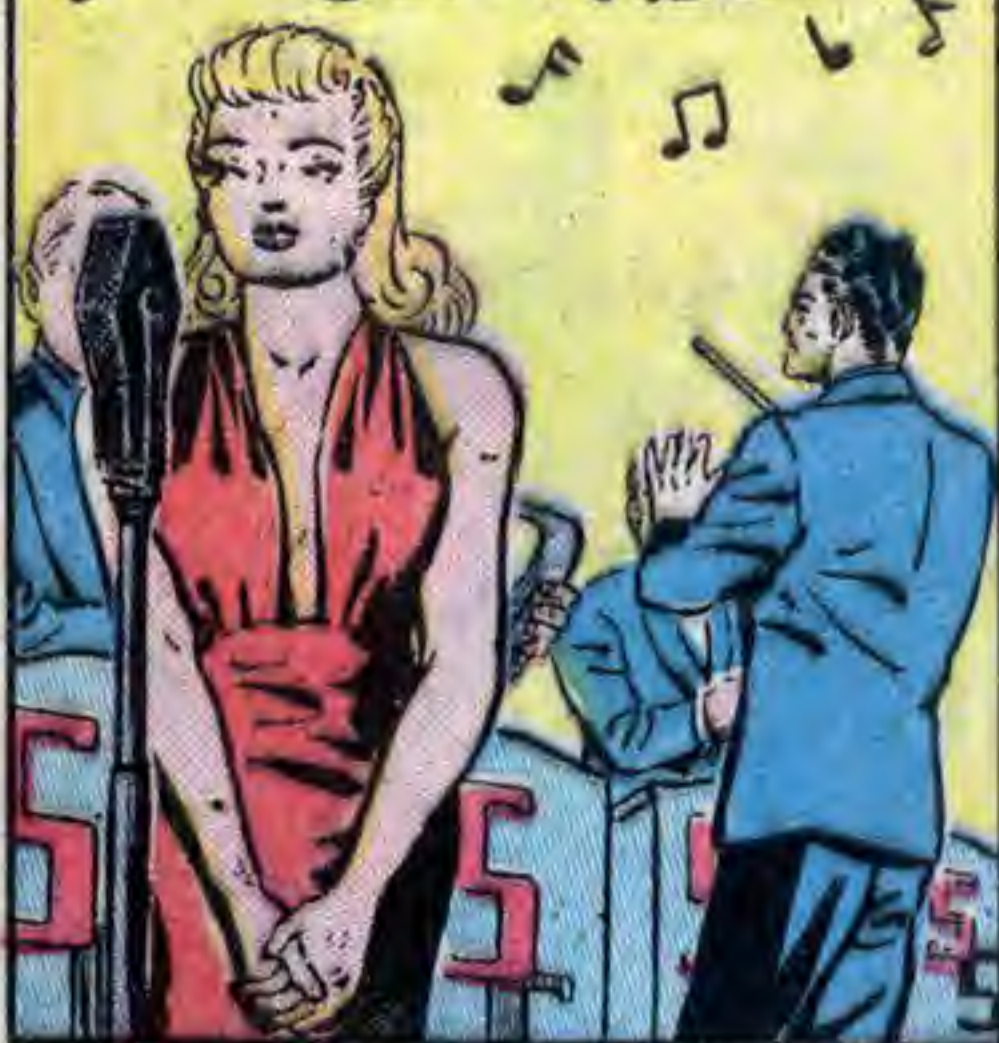
BUT IN A DARKENED CORNER OF THE CLUB...

THEY'RE GETTING READY TO INTRODUCE GERSHWIN'S NEW WAR SONG, VON BRUNT!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS! THIS IS OUR CUE TO GO INTO ACTION!!



WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT TO SAVE OUR FREEDOM

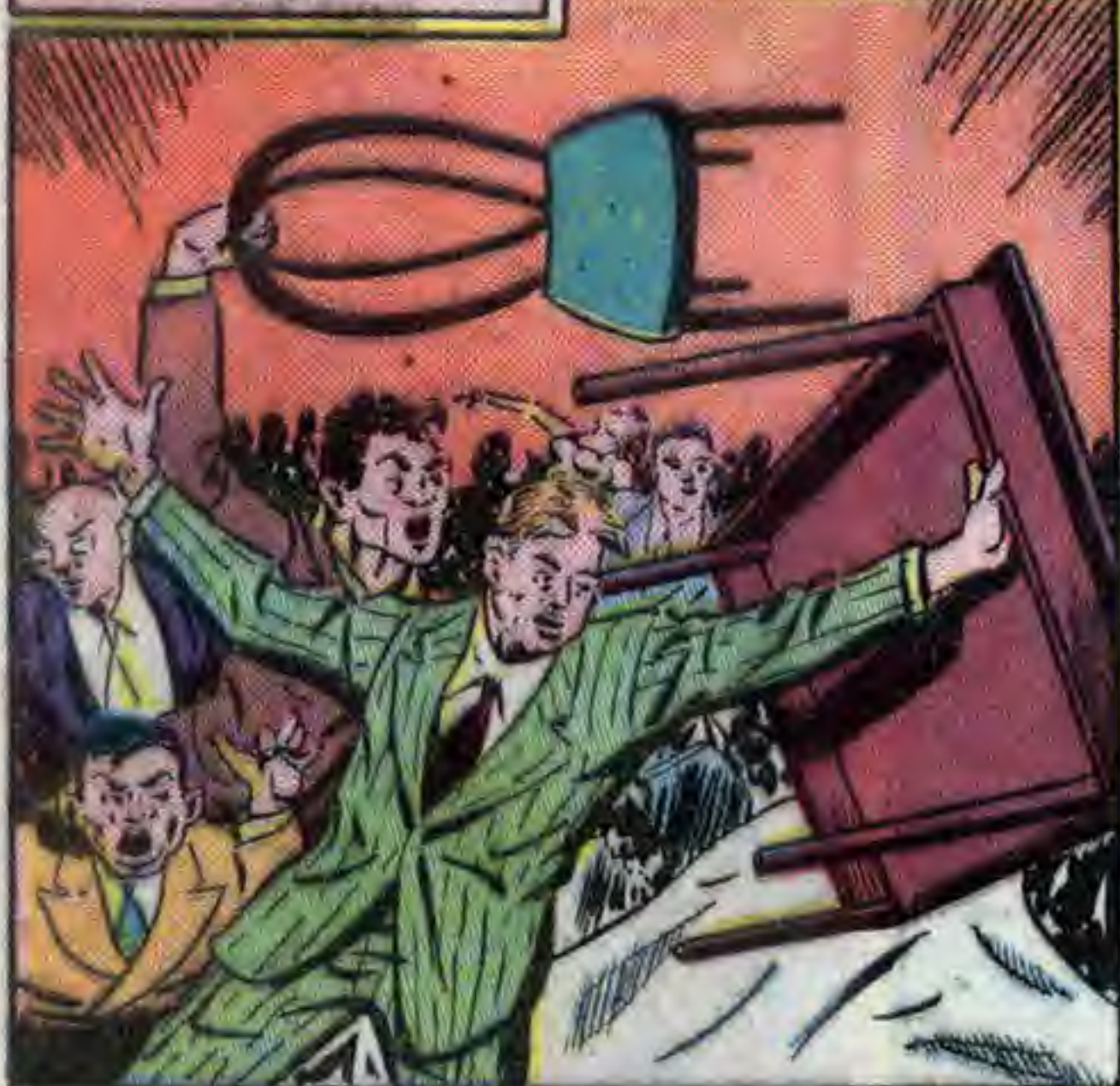


SUDDENLY...

LET'S GO, MEN!



THE THREE MEN START OVERTURNING TABLES...



SOON THE CLUB IS A BEDLAM OF EXCITEMENT AND FIGHTS BREAK OUT EVERYWHERE!



THAT'S DONE IT, BOYS! NOW LET'S SNEAK OUTTA HERE QUICK!



I NEVER EXPECTED SUCH A GRAND TUNE TO GET A RECEPTION LIKE THIS!

EVERYBODY JUST STARTED FIGHTING RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SONG!



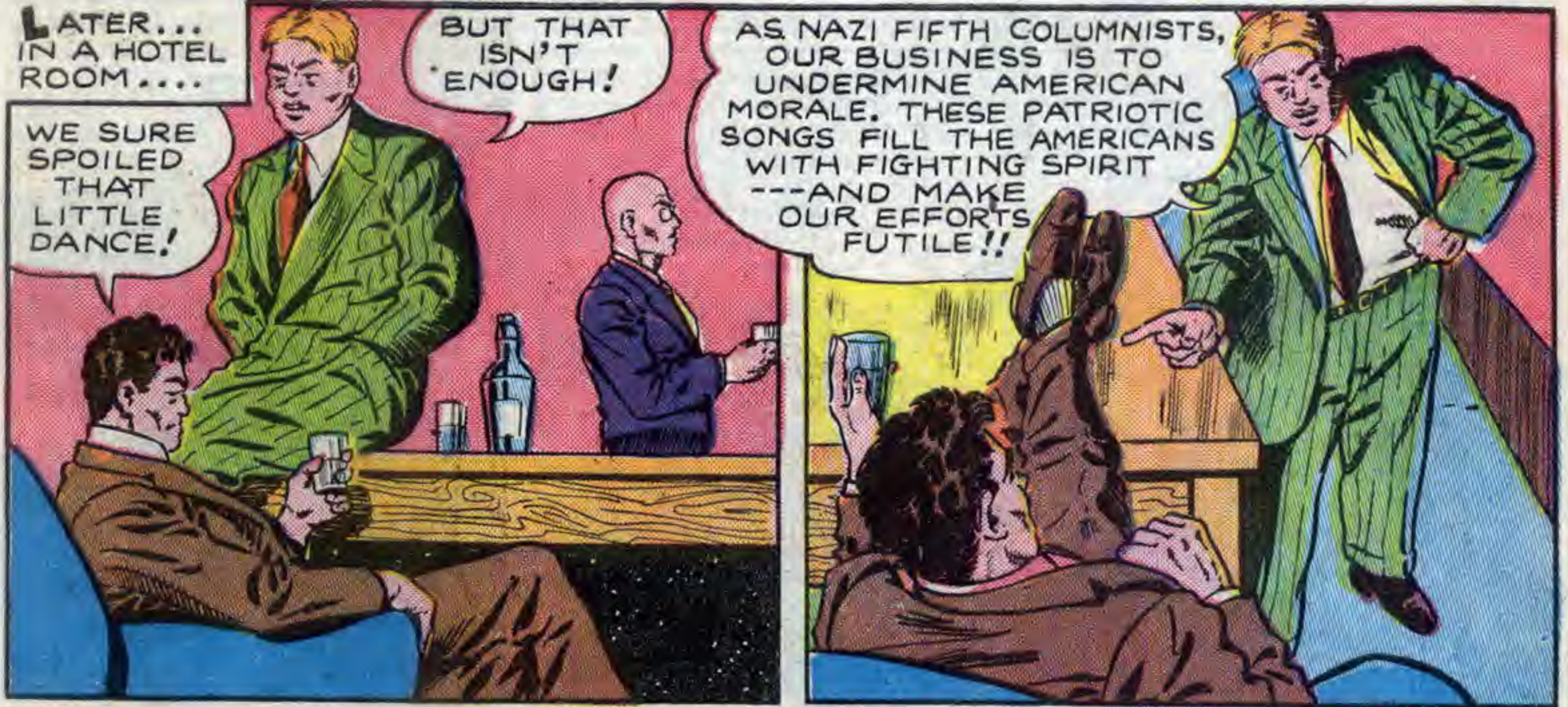


LATER...
IN A HOTEL
ROOM....

WE SURE
SPOILED
THAT
LITTLE
DANCE!

BUT THAT
ISN'T
ENOUGH!

AS NAZI FIFTH COLUMNISTS,
OUR BUSINESS IS TO
UNDERMINE AMERICAN
MORALE. THESE PATRIOTIC
SONGS FILL THE AMERICANS
WITH FIGHTING SPIRIT
---AND MAKE
OUR EFFORTS
FUTILE!!



TODAY WE MAKE OUR
FIRST BIG MOVE...WHICH
WILL BE **MURDERING**
IRVING GERSHWIN, THE
GREATEST OF ALL WAR
SONG WRITERS, AND
LATER WE'LL GET
SWING SISSON!

WHILE GERSHWIN IS
WITH SWING AT THE
CLOVER CLUB PLANNING
ANOTHER INTRODUCTION
OF HIS SONG....

...THE THUGS VISIT THE
PALATIAL MANSION OF
THE SONG WRITER...



6819 YORKSHIRE...
THIS IS IT!

...AND FORCE AN ENTRANCE
BY JIMMYING A WINDOW...

BUT VON BRUNT...
HOW ARE WE GOING
TO KILL GERSHWIN
WHEN WE KNOW HE
ISN'T HERE?

THAT IS
PART OF MY
PLAN. COME
OVER TO
THIS
PIANO!

WITH THESE WIRES I'VE
WORKED OUT A WAY TO RIG
UP THIS PISTOL
INSIDE THE PIANO.
THE NEXT TIME
GERSHWIN SITS
DOWN TO PLAY
THIS PIANO...
IT WILL BE HIS
LAST!



WHEN HE HITS A CERTAIN KEY, IT FIRES THE PISTOL---AND SENDS A SLUG RIGHT THROUGH HIS HEART! CLEVER, EH!



BACK AT THE CLOVER CLUB:

I' GUESS THAT TAKES CARE OF ALL THE DETAILS, SWING. NOW LET'S GO OUT TO MY HOUSE. I WANT YOU TO HEAR ANOTHER TUNE I'M WORKING ON!

WE'LL TAKE MY CAR!



VON BRUNT, LOOK!! HERE COMES GERSHWIN---WITH SOME OF THOSE ORCHESTRA PEOPLE!

WHAT! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE...NO! IT'S TOO LATE! HIDE BEHIND THESE CURTAINS!



GERSHWIN SHOWS SWING, TOBY, AND BONNIE THROUGH HIS HOME....



...AND THIS IS MY MUSIC ROOM!

SOME LAYOUT!!

WHAT A NICE PIANO! MAY I PLAY IT?

CERTAINLY!



BONNIE SEATS HERSELF AT THE PIANO AND BEGINS TO PLAY. EVERY KEY SHE STRIKES MAY BE HER LAST ONE!!



HEY! THE GIRL'S PLAYIN' THE PIANO!

ACH! THIS SPOILS OUR SCHEME! GET THEM QUICK!



WHAT TH--! IT'S THE GUYS WHO WRECKED OUR CLUB!!



AND NOW WE'LL WRECK GERSHWIN!

OOF!







I'M PRACTICIN' SOME FUNNY FALLS FOR NEXT SEASON, BOSS!

HMMMM... BUT ARE THEY FUNNY?

WHY DON'T YA GO INTO TOWN AND TRY 'EM OUT ON SOME STRANGERS?

GOOD IDEA, BOSS... I WILL!

MMM... A NICE LITTLE CROWD... I'LL SEE IF I CAN GET A LAUGH OUTTA THEM!

BINGO TONITE! ALSO TWO FEATURES

OOOOFF!!



SUE THE BUILDING, THE CITY, THE COUNTY... THE STATE, EVERYBODY!!

SHHHHHH... LIE DOWN, YOU DOPE!



HURT BAD, EH? YOU BET YOU ARE! BUT BEFORE I CALL THE HOSPITAL OR ARRANGE FOR THE FUNERAL WE'LL...



LATER

OF ALL THE PHONEY FALLS!

GIT SOME TAR AN' FEATHERS!

AN' RUN 'EM OUTTA TOWN!

GREAT CAESAR'S PANTS!

I DIDN'T THINK BUTCH WAS THAT BAD!



I GOTTA DITCH DESE
DUDS, QUICK IF I'M
GONNA MAKE DIS
JAIL-BREAK GOOD!

BIG TOP

HURRY UP,
BUTCH! WE
WANNA TRY
OUT THE NEW
CLOWN ACT!

YES SIR,
BOSS SIR!



WID DIS OUTFIT
AN' MAKEUP, DA
COPS'LL NEVER
KNOW
ME!



WHAT'S WRONG
WITH YOUR
MAKEUP, BUTCH?
COME HERE!

DIS OLD
BUZZARD
IS CATCHIN'
WISE!



SO I'D
BETTER
COOL HIM
OFF 'TIL I
CAN TAKE
A POWDER!



AH! HERE'S BUTCH
READY TO REHEARSE
THE ACT!

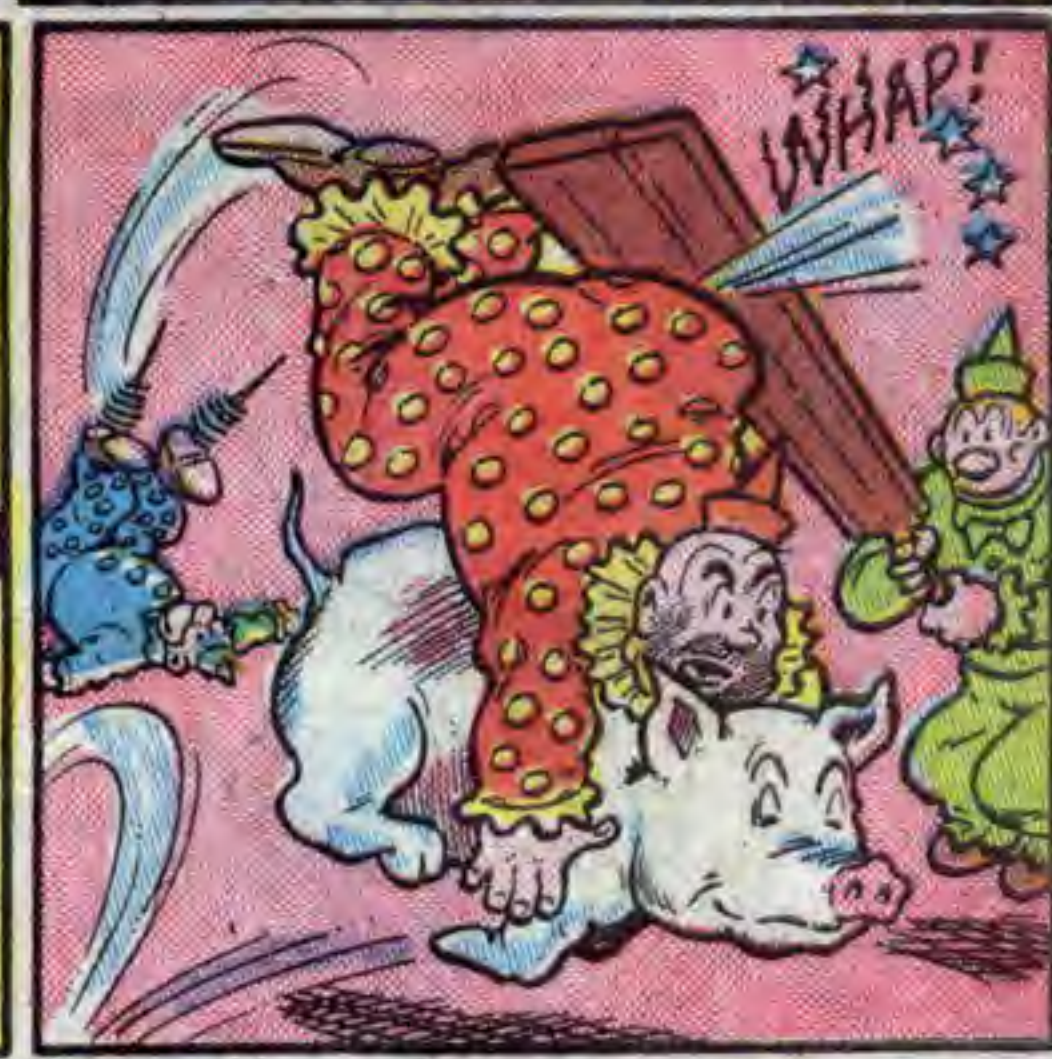
HOPE HE
DIDN'T FOR-
GET HIS CORK
AND ASBESTOS
UNDERPANTS!
BECAUSE ---



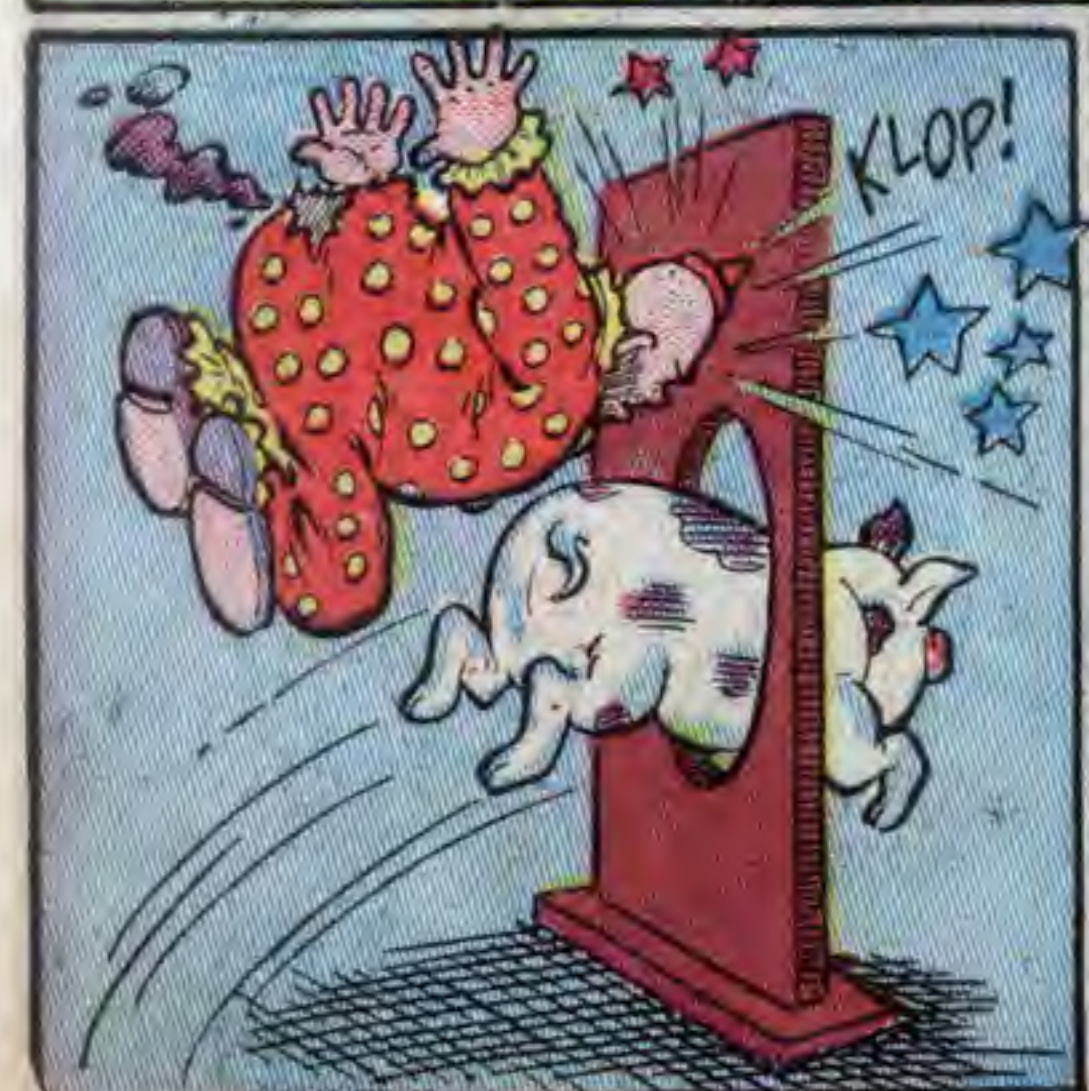
THIS
BLOW
TORCH
IS
HOT!



OW!



WHAP!



KLOP!



KILLER
GUMBOTZ!

YOU SAID IT!
AND I WANNA
GO BACK TO
JAIL NOW-
QUICK!
-- WHERE IT'S
SAFE!



I PREFER DA
BIG HOUSE TO
A BUGHOUSE
ANY DAY!

POISON IVY

by
- GILL FOX



WONDER
WHAT'S
GOIN' ON
DOWN
TH' STREET?



THAT'S MY
CRAWL, THE
HUMAN FLY..
HE'S GONNA
CLIMB NINETY
STORIES TO
TH' TOP OF THAT
BUILDING!

HUMAN
FLY



HUMAN FLY..
HUHI INSECT
SHOWOFF
IS MORE
LIKE IT!
I'LL FOLLOW
HIM UP TH'
BUILDING
AND CRAMP
HIS
STYLE!



THE FLY STARTS TO
CLIMB THE BUILDING,
BUT..



YOU BETTER
NOT FOLLOW
ME UP THIS
BUILDING, KID..
YOU'LL FALL!

AW, I CAN
DO ANYTHING
YOU CAN DO!
GET GOIN'!



HEY, KID.
I'M WARN-
ING YOU..
WE'RE 32
STORIES UP
AND IF YA FALL
FROM HERE IT
WON'T BE AS
BAD AS A DROP
FROM TH' TOP!

KEEP GOIN'!



NOW LISSSEN..
YOU BETTER TAKE
TH' ELEVATOR
DOWN 'CAUSE
MY FINALE
CALLS FOR
A PARACHUTE
JUMP FROM
THIS ROOF!!



AW, YA BUM! I'LL DO
ANYTHING YOU DO,
ONLY BETTER!

OKAY!



SISSY!
SISSY!

Follow Poison Ivy each and every month in FEATURE COMICS.

ZERO



WHILE IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING, ZERO RECEIVES A CALLER... VERY LATE THAT NIGHT...

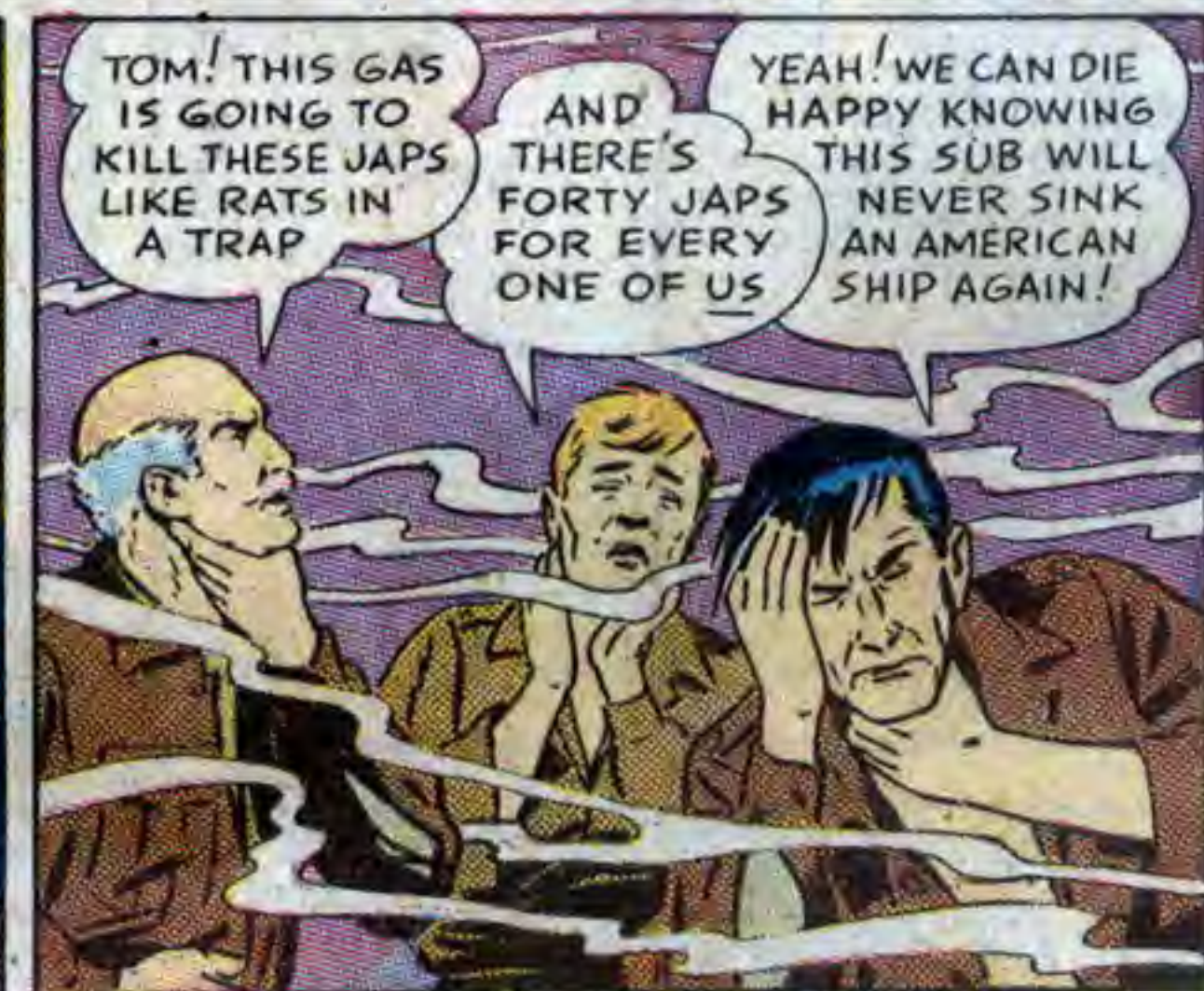








TOM MIX AND HIS COMMANDOS ARE ON A DANGEROUS MISSION, WHEN THEIR P.T. BOAT RAMS A JAPANESE SUBMARINE



IS THIS THE END OF TOM MIX AND HIS COMMANDOS?

Trapped in a stricken submarine—choked by chlorine gas—they face certain death. Can some miracle save them? Read the breath-taking climax to this sensational story in the Tom Mix Comics Book.

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

In addition to thrill packed Commando Comics, this big book contains four unusual full length feature comics—tells secrets every Tom Mix Commando should know. HURRY! MAIL COUPON FOR YOUR FREE COPY TODAY.

TOM MIX COMICS BOOK FREE!

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TOM MIX COMMANDOS COMICS
OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE TOM MIX RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS

TOM MIX COMMANDOS
ADVENTURES OF UNCLE AMOS
JANE AT DREAM CASTLE
SPEED O'DARE—NAVY PILOT
LI'L INJUN
COMMANDO SECRETS

LOOK!
5 BIG COMICS IN FULL COLOR

BRAND NEW NOT FOR SALE ANYWHERE

You Serve Uncle Sam When You Serve These Ralston Whole Grain Cereals

THEY'RE THE KIND OF CEREALS THAT ARE BRINGING WARMTH AND VIGOR TO OUR FIGHTING MEN

THEY'RE HELPING WAR WORKERS FIGHT FATIGUE (they're extra rich in vitamin B-1)

THEY'RE GIVING YOUNG AMERICA COWBOY ENERGY



INSTANT RALSTON... An amazing new hot whole wheat cereal that needs no cooking. Just stir into boiling water or milk and serve. A delicious warm-up build-up breakfast for all the family. Brimful of energy.

RALSTON WHOLE WHEAT CEREAL a family favorite for over 40 years. Cooks in 5 minutes.

Uncle Sam says "eat whole grain cereals" and both Instant Ralston and Ralston are whole grain. Both are whole wheat, extra rich in vitamin B. Take your choice.



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TOM MIX, 10 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Tom:
I enclose one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top. Please send me your big Commandos Comic Book free!

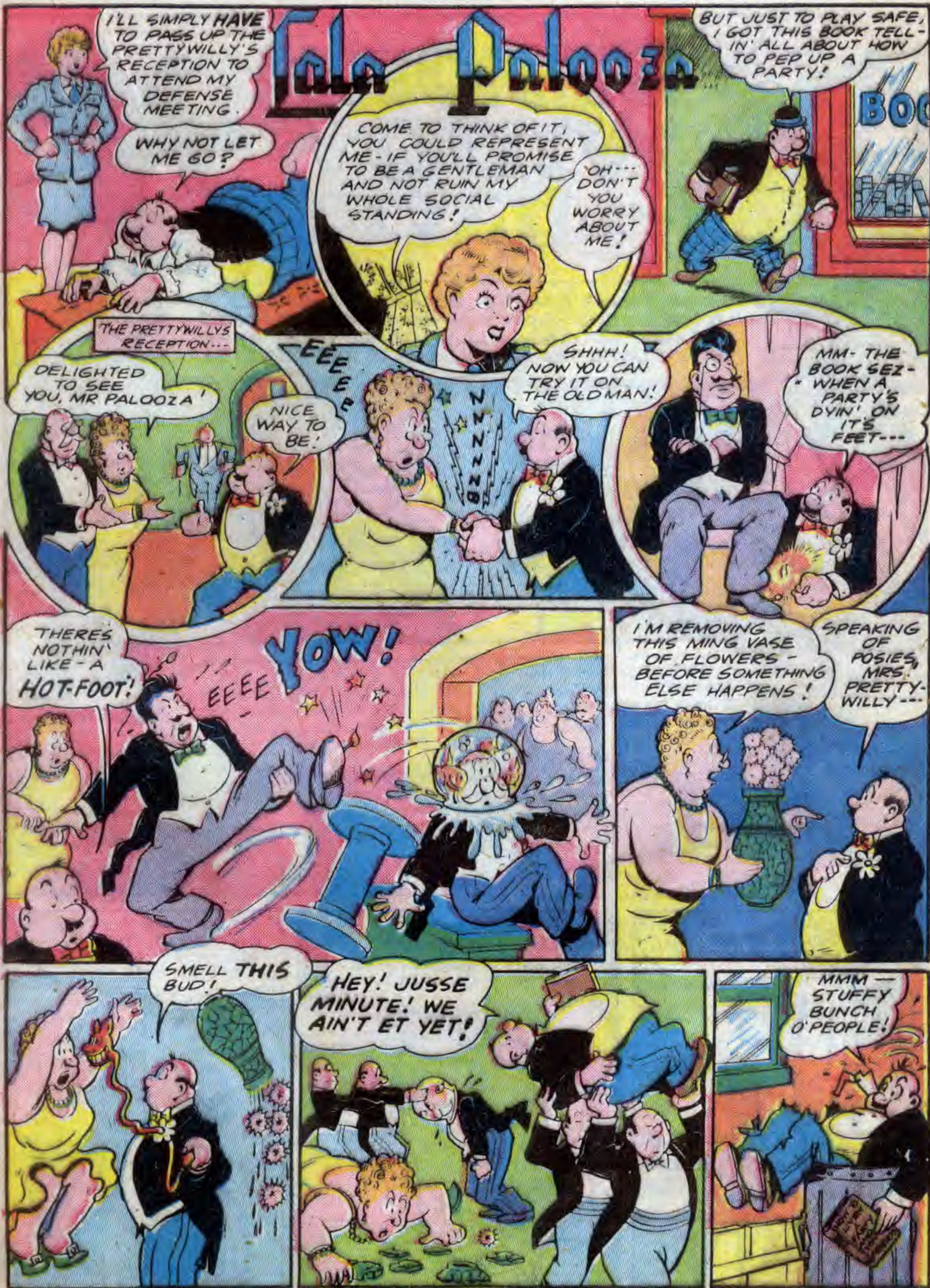
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

IMPORTANT: If you have no coupon you can get the Tom Mix COMMANDOS COMICS Book anyway. Simply send one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top with your name and address to 10 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo. This offer expires January 1, 1945.





I'LL SIMPLY HAVE TO PASS UP THE PRETTYWILLY'S RECEPTION TO ATTEND MY DEFENSE MEETING.

WHY NOT LET ME GO?

COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU COULD REPRESENT ME - IF YOU'LL PROMISE TO BE A GENTLEMAN AND NOT RUIN MY WHOLE SOCIAL STANDING!

OH... DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT ME!

BUT JUST TO PLAY SAFE, I GOT THIS BOOK TELL- IN' ALL ABOUT HOW TO PEP UP A PARTY!

BOO

THE PRETTYWILLY'S RECEPTION...

DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, MR. PALOOZA!

NICE WAY TO BE!

SHHH! NOW YOU CAN TRY IT ON THE OLD MAN!

MM- THE BOOK SEZ- WHEN A PARTY'S DYIN' ON IT'S FEET---

THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE-A HOT-FOOT!

YOW!

I'M REMOVING THIS MING VASE OF FLOWERS - BEFORE SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENS!

SPEAKING OF POSIES, MRS. PRETTY-WILLY---

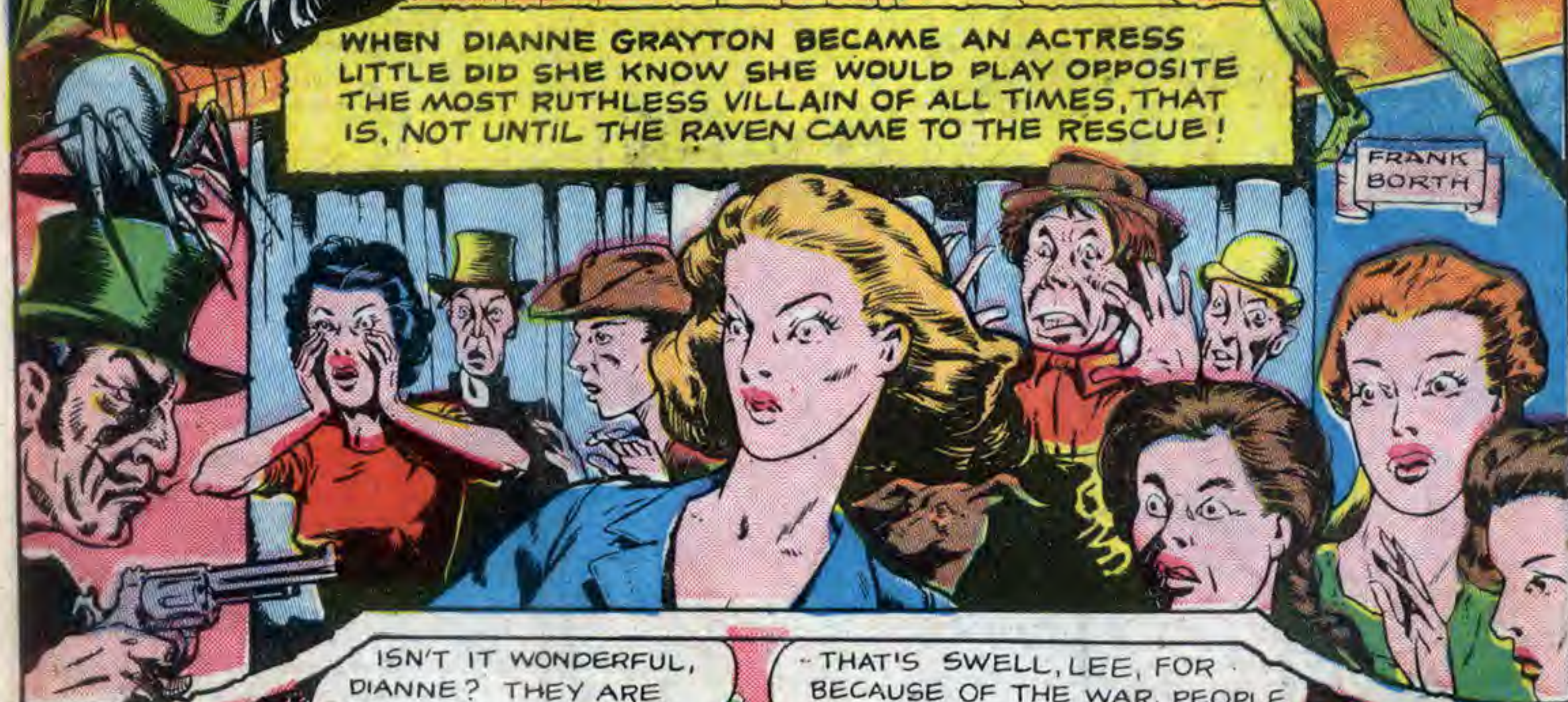
SMELL THIS BUD!

HEY! JUSSE MINUTE! WE AIN'T ET YET!

MMM - STUFFY BUNCH O' PEOPLE!

The SPIDER WIDOW and the RAVEN

WHEN DIANNE GRAYTON BECAME AN ACTRESS
LITTLE DID SHE KNOW SHE WOULD PLAY OPPOSITE
THE MOST RUTHLESS VILLAIN OF ALL TIMES, THAT
IS, NOT UNTIL THE RAVEN CAME TO THE RESCUE!



AT A
SUMMER
THEATRE
NOT FAR
FROM
NEW
YORK...

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL,
DIANNE? THEY ARE
GOING TO KEEP THE
THEATRE OPEN ALL
WINTER!

THAT'S SWELL, LEE, FOR
BECAUSE OF THE WAR, PEOPLE
CAN'T DRIVE INTO NEW YORK
AND THAT GIVES US A
REAL CHANCE!



I DON'T SEE WHAT YOU
WANT TO ACT FOR, DIANNE,
YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF
MONEY!



HMMPF!! THE
SPIDER WIDOW
DOESN'T EVER ACT FOR
MONEY - OH WELL -

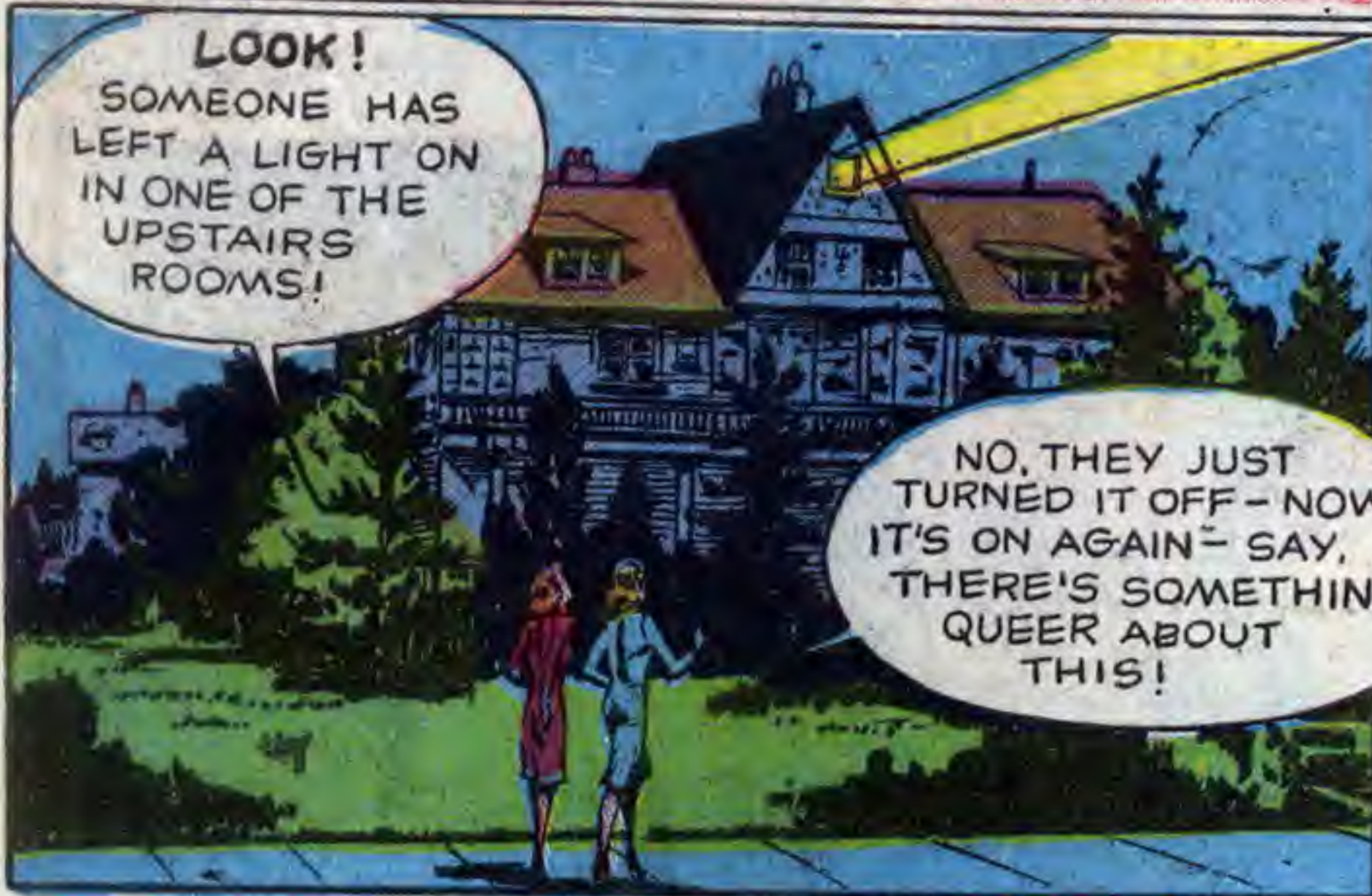


- I JUST DO IT FOR
THE FUN OF IT, LEE,
ALL SET? CURTAIN
GOING UP!

PLACES!

YEP! ON
WITH THE
SHOW!

THAT NIGHT AFTER THE SHOW, THE ACTORS RETURN TO THEIR HOME OVERLOOKING THE OCEAN.

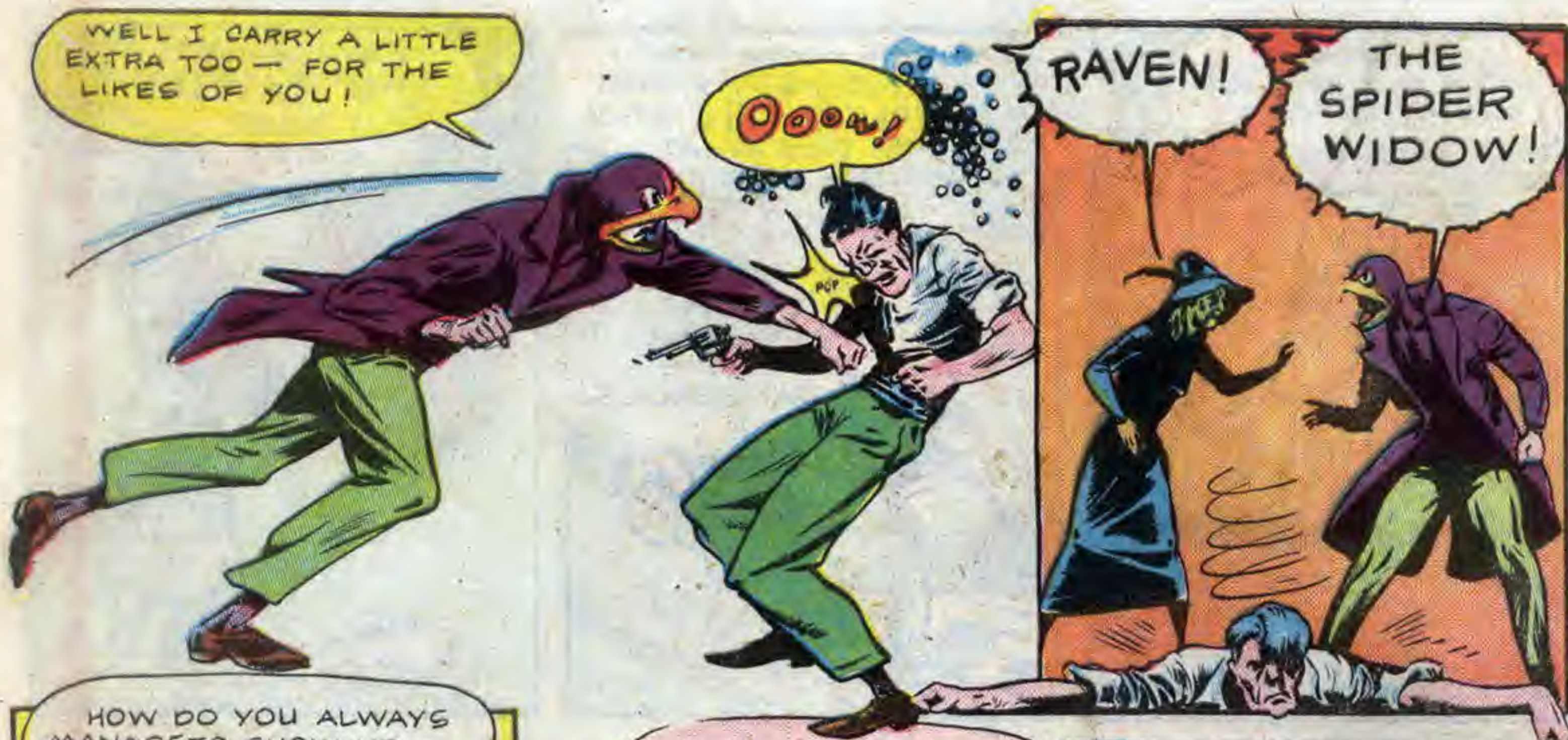






Meanwhile —
THE SPIDER WIDOW, RECOVERED FROM HER FALL, REENTERS THE HOUSE.





Don't miss the next adventure of The Spider Widow in the February issue.

HOMER DOODLE - AND SON

by ARTHUR GEEMAN

GEE WHIZ - I SURE WISH I HAD A NICE DOG LIKE THAT!

EVERYBODY SHOULD HAVE A PET OF SOME KIND TO PLAY WITH, - THEY'RE REAL FAITHFUL PALS, TOO.

LET'S GO KIDS!
BUY WAR STAMPS AND SAVE FOR VICTORY

WELL -- LOOK AT THAT BIG BOZO SITTING THERE! HE'S JUST THE KIND I WANT!!

HELLO THERE, FELLA - HOW'D YOU LIKE TO HAVE A NEW MASTER?

HEY - WAIT A MINUTE!! LET'S TALK IT OVER!

STOP -- DON'T RUN SO FAST!! AT LEAST STAY IN THE PICTURE!

OUCH! OUCH!! OHH -- I WON'T BE ABLE TO SIT DOWN FOR A WEEK!

WOOF WOOF!

SLOW DOWN, YOU BIG GALOOT!

WOW!

PHOOEY! I'VE HAD ENOUGH -- YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A PET FOR ME!

IF I MUST HAVE A PET -- THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!

SPIN SHAW

by Rex Smith

PLANNING A FLANKING OFFENSIVE TO DRIVE ROMMEL OUT OF EGYPT, THE ALLIED COMMAND SENDS CAPT. SPIN SHAW OF THE U.S. NAVAL AIR CORPS, TO A DIRTY CAIRO DIVE TO CONTACT ONE KISMET EL ASHID, WHO IS TO GUIDE A COMMANDO PARTY OF U.S. MARINES TO THE MAIN NAZI SUPPLY DEPOT.



GREETINGS, EFFENDI! KISMET BEGS AN ALM FOR KISMET SHALL BE HAD!

AN ALM FOR POVERTY!



YOU HAVE THE PASSWORD!! AH! EFFENDI, IT WAS YOU I WAS TO MEET.. GOOD!! GOOD!! I HAVE EVERYTHING ALL READY, SO LET US GO TO YOUR ADMIRAL!



I AM BEING WATCHED, SO PLEASE..LET US MAKE HASTE!!



ALLRIGHT..COME ON..WE.. WAIT!! HOLD IT!! HEY!! BREAK IT UP!!



SAVE YOUR FIGHTING FOR THE ENEMY, MEN!! CUT IT OUT!! CUT IT OUT, I SAID!!



YEAH!!..CUT IT OUT, FELLAS! THE NAVY'S AFRAID OF GETTING HURT! WHY.. YOU!!

NO! NO!..EFFENDI! PLEASE!! COME! WE MUST HURRY!



EXACTLY!! YOU SEE KISMET IS ONE OF OUR AGENTS AND HAS LED YOU INTO A PERFECT AMBUSH! ..IN A FEW MINUTES THE PLANS OF THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE. CAPT. CONN AS WELL, WILL SOON BE IN OUR HANDS!



...AT THAT MOMENT...

HEY, KISMET, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT TRAIL? THIS DOESN'T LOOK RIGHT TO ME!!

OH, YES, EFFENDI, WE ARE GOING THE RIGHT WAY!



WELL, IF YOU SAY SO, BUT.. HEY!! WAIT!!... LOOK!! **NAZIS!!** WE'RE IN A TRAP!!... QUICK, MEN! HIT THE GROUND AND TAKE COVER!!



COME 'ERE YOU DIRTY RAT.. I WANNA TALK TO YOU!!



JEEPERS!! WE'RE IN FOR IT!! LOOK AT THOSE TROOPS!! AND ME WITH THE COMPLETE TIME AND POSITIONS OF THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE!! I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF 'EM, BUT QUICK!



OPEN YOUR MOUTH, YOU BLACK BEARDED NAZI!!... NOW, EAT!!... GO ON, BLAST YOU!! EAT 'EM!!... EAT 'EM!!!



MEANWHILE...

NOW IF YOU WILL BE KIND ENOUGH TO COME OUT, CAPTAIN?

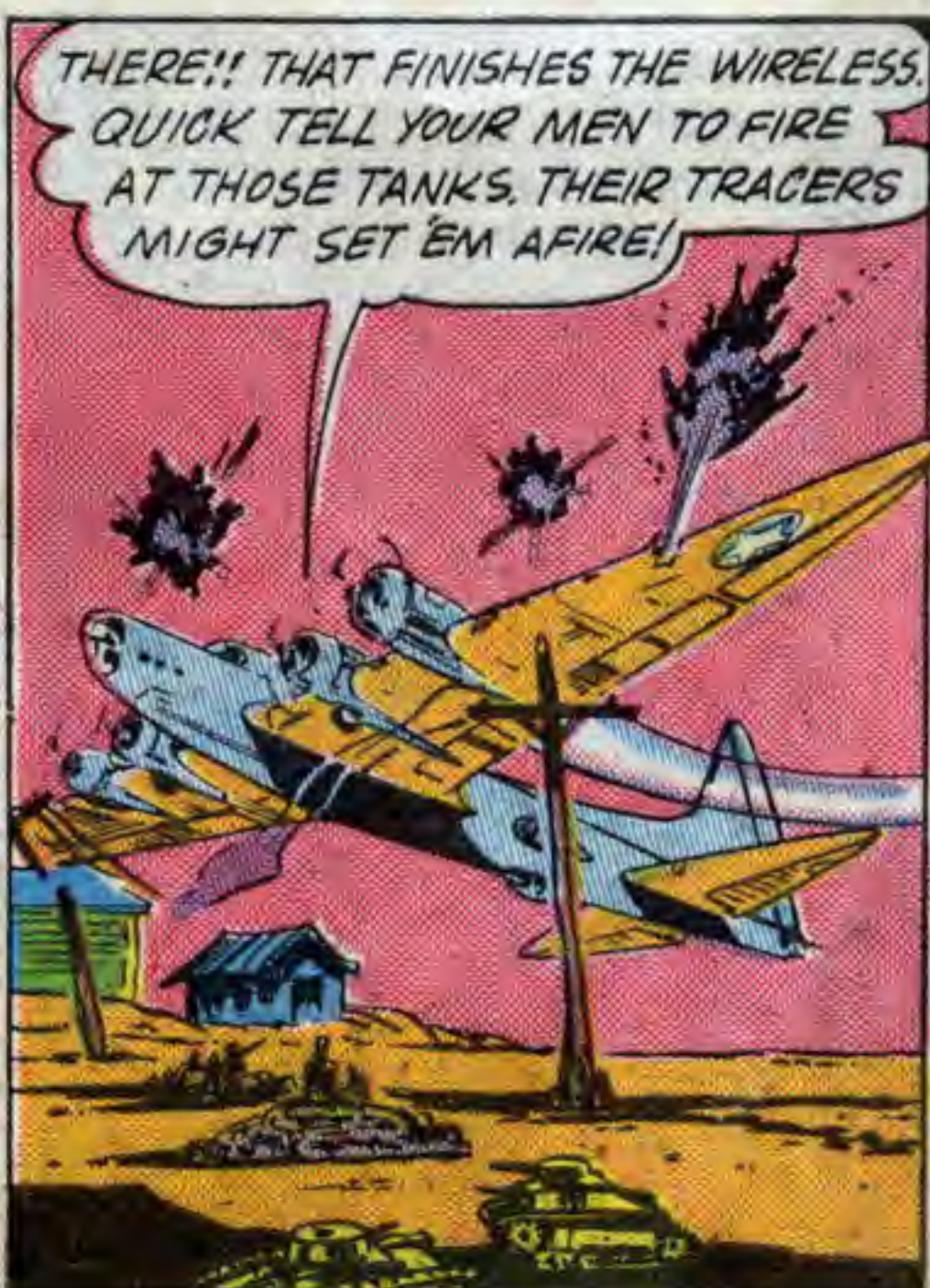
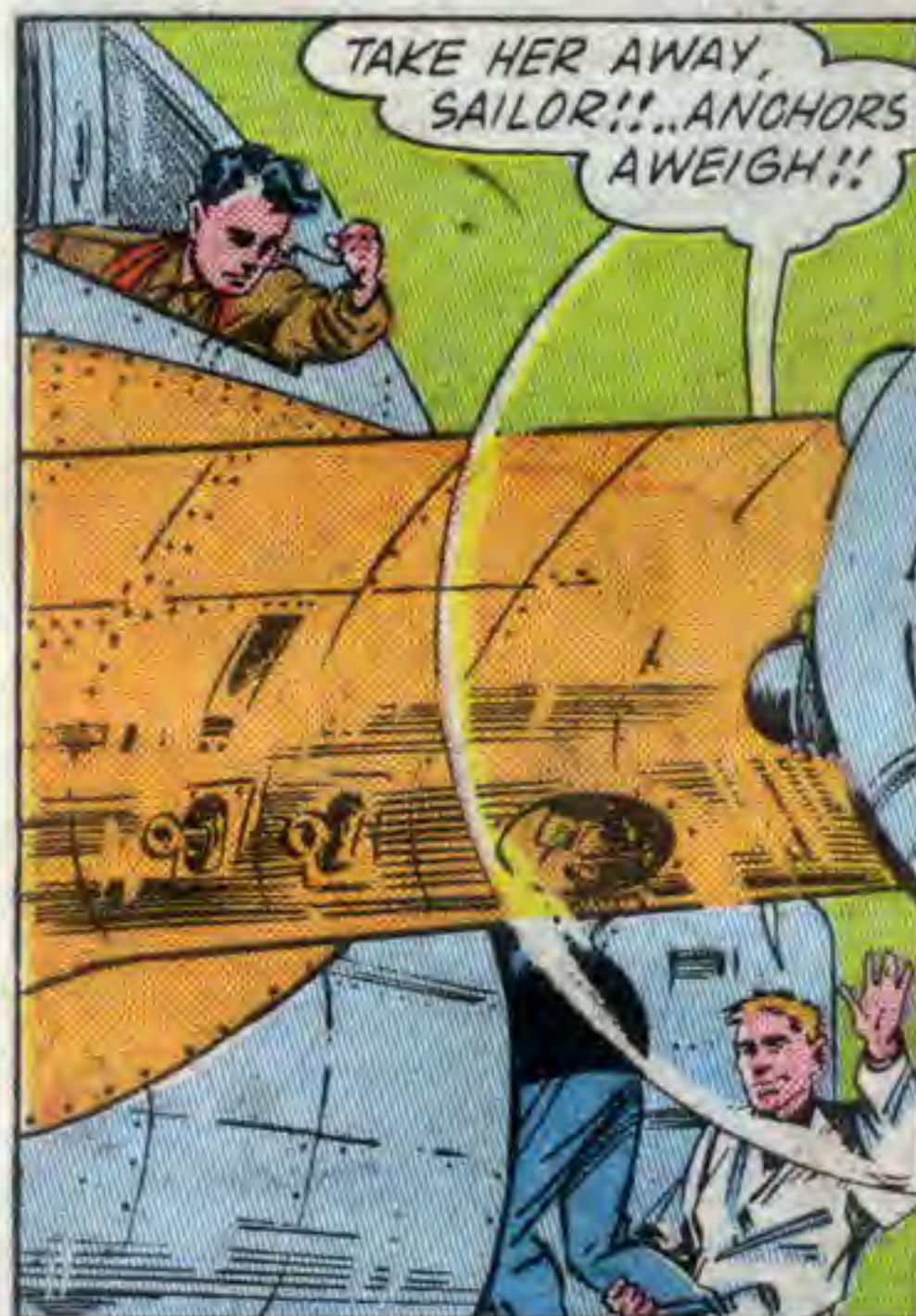
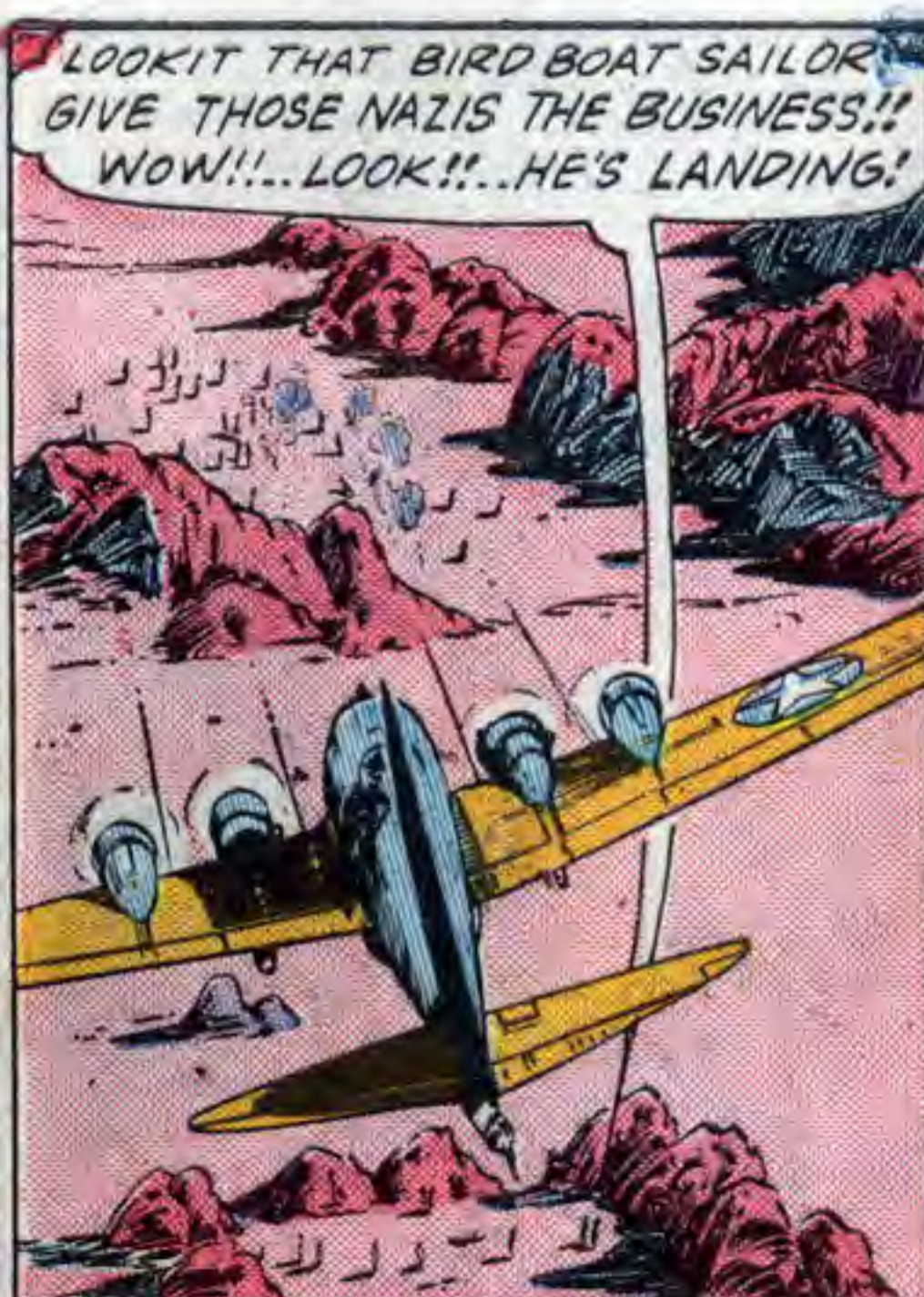


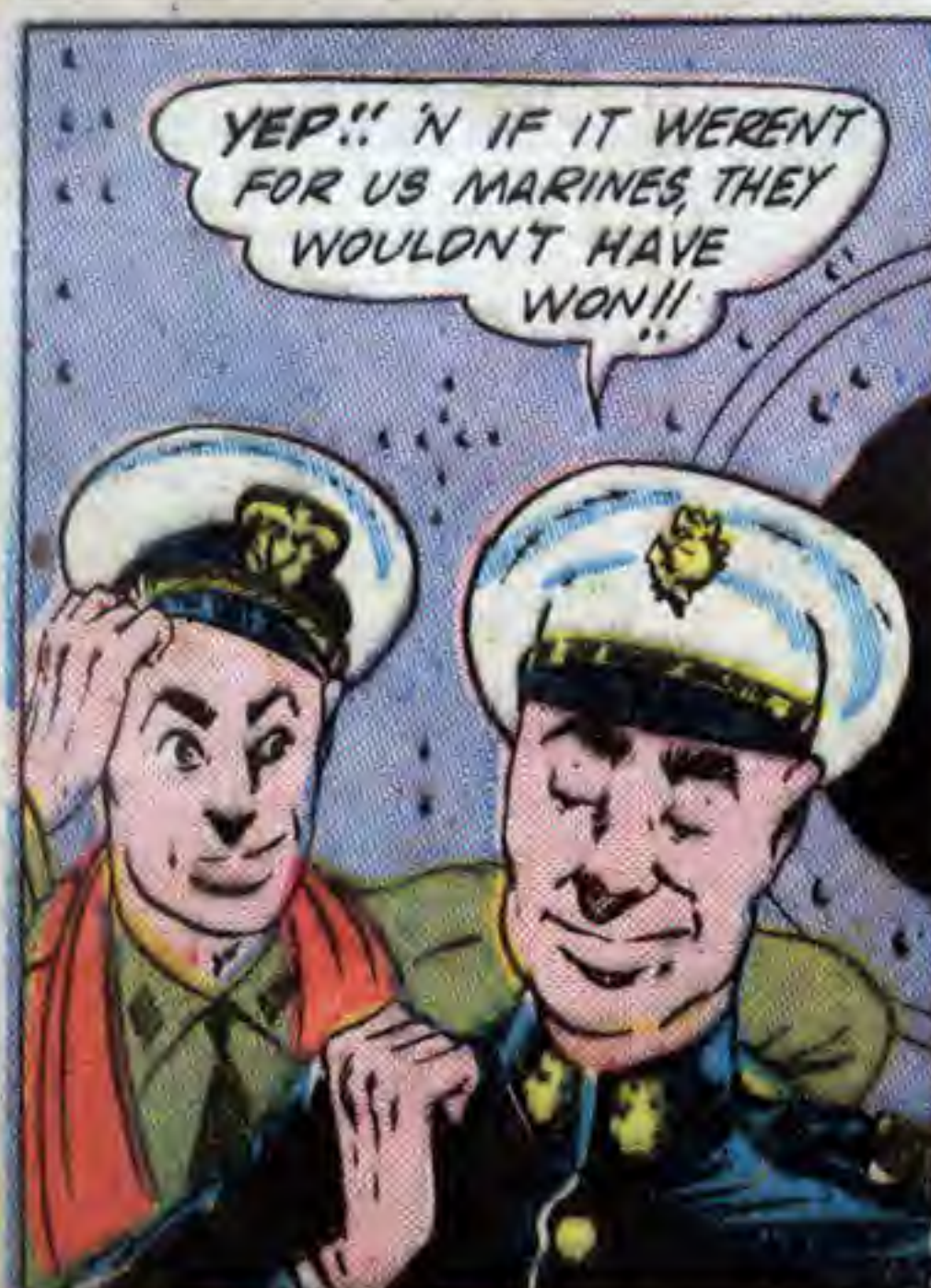
WHY SURE!!... HOW'S THIS, YOU JUG-HEADS?



HERE'S SOME SLEEPING PILLS, BUCKET-SKULL.. STRAIGHT FROM THE U.S. NAVY!!







DEATH FROM THE SKIES

GARRON Island in the Hathaway group, five hundred miles south of the Solomons, languished in the south Pacific sun. On its browned surface there lay a camp of two thousand Yank soldiers. They had seen no fighting and all of them waited to be shifted to the Solomons, where there was "action."

"Never mind, you lugs," grinned Captain Halbert. "You'll be getting all the fighting you want within the next few weeks. I ain't supposed to tell this, but we are going to ship out pretty soon to a place where there is action aplenty."

Cheers greeted this statement from their commanding officer. And suddenly the cheers turned into cries of fear and alarm. Far above them, diving down out of the clear cloudless sky, came hundreds of gliders; and accompanying them were more hundreds of parachute troops.

"Japs! Man the guns!" came the cries from every throat.

The soldiers scattered in all directions like so many scared rabbits. Anti-aircraft guns began chattering, machine guns started their staccato bark, and 55mm cannon roared with their noses pointed aloft. But the cloud of gliders came on, only a few of them blasted. Many parachutes were riddled and their human cargoes came plummeting to earth. But enough of the enemy landed to make things hot.

The battle lasted three hours,

and both sides lost heavily. What remained of the Japs took up quarters on one side of the island, separated from the Yanks by a low range of hills. Snipers went to work on both sides. But the fact remained that Garron Island had been invaded, and almost successfully.

The question was: Where had the Japs come from? How had they been launched? There had not been a plane seen or heard since the boys were stationed on the island. Gliders don't sail two thousand miles; nor do para troops parachute that far.

Garron Island is situated almost in the exact center of some thirty islands, all of them smaller, but not one of them more than two miles apart. They dot the map like a case of chicken box, concentrated in one small lonely area. It was the intention of the United States to create landing and fueling bases on several of the largest islands. But now . . .

The invasion had taken place on the evening of September eleventh. Near sunset on the afternoon of the thirteenth, another cloud of gliders and parachute troops darkened the sky over Garron Island and several others close by. The same action took place, this time the Japs losing more than half of their men and equipment. If the thing kept up, they would soon have enough men and guns to capture the entire group of

islands. And still the perplexing question arose: Where are they coming from? How will we stop them?

Desultory fighting between both factions kept up on at least five of the occupied islands but neither side made much headway. The Japs seemed bent on simply keeping their positions, as if they expected reinforcements any moment. And maybe they did, for all the American troops knew. That, however, just couldn't happen!

Sneaking softly through the black waters, the big submarine slung inshore and came up like a glistening dolphin in the little harbor of Garron Island. At first the sentries were tempted to open fire, but before the guns spoke the conning tower lifted and a tousled head showed. The owner of the head waved a hand and shouted, "This Garron Island?"

He was told that it was. The next moment a rubber boat put off from the sub and Perry Scott, young American adventurer, came ashore. Captain Halbert, of the island forces, shook hands genially.

"Well, if it isn't Perry Scott!" he cried. "What brings you out here, youngster? Have you heard—"

"Yeah," interjected Perry with a bright smile. "That's why I came. Hitched a ride on one of Uncle Samuel's subs. Tell me all about it."

Captain Halbert sketched the

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 of the FEATURE COMICS, published monthly at Buffalo, New York for October 1, 1942.

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the FEATURE COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Comic Favorites, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Editor, Gilbert Fox, 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, 193 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Favorites, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, 193 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Frank J. Markey, 309 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Henry P. Martin, Jr., 5 Foster Drive, Des Moines, Iowa; Frank J. Murphy, 27 Willow Ave., Larchmont, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1942.

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944.)

highlights of the invasion. "And that's where it stands at the moment," he finished. "Frankly, we're stumped. Haven't the least idea where they come from; but we're expecting another batch of 'em, since it's evident that they mean to use this method of getting enough troops on the islands to try to take 'em."

"Got any planes?" Perry asked.

"Three. But we haven't spotted a thing. They almost have to use a transport, and they gotta use planes to launch those gliders. Unless—" The captain paused. "Unless they catapult 'em from somewhere."

While the sub lay at anchor, Perry spent the next two days discussing the amazing Jap invasion with members of the officers' group. All of them were too astonished to have any logical theories.

"But we've got to find their base and stop 'em, if it's possible," Perry insisted. "They must be stationed somewhere nearby. You say your detectors haven't picked up any sounds of planes, nor even ships' engines. Then how—"

Captain Halbert spread his hands in a gesture of dismay. "Yeah—how!"

Perry Scott requested the use of a fast plane and that evening made a quick trip over most of the islands. He saw nothing out of the way. One thing he noticed, however; an unnamed island to the south of the group was particularly high, being almost a pedestal of solid granite that reached up a good five hundred feet. Its top was flat and about a half mile across, either way. He dropped low over the island, but it was too dark to see anything. He felt the tug of the plane, however, and knew that a terrific wind played across that flat top of rock. The wind was from the south. All the other islands lay to the north of this one, spreading out fanwise east and west. Did that mean anything! he asked himself. Hardly. Unless—

Perry let out an exclamation. Maybe that was it! Maybe—But how the dickens did they get there, if the idea held water?

The next day Perry flew across the flat island again. And, while the day was sunny and he flew low, he saw nothing but flat rock and craggy clumps of bush on the island's top. He returned to the base on Garron rather glum.

His idea persisted though. Toward evening he had made up his mind. It wouldn't hurt anything to test his theory. Maybe he'd receive a big laugh, but

then nothing else offered.

At nine that evening he boarded the submarine, taking with him a dozen machine-gunners, a large quantity of bombs and grenades, and several soldiers noted for their sharpshooting.

Perry explained his idea to the commander of the sub, who smiled, but said nothing. It sounded like a bit of moon-raking to him. But then he had orders to carry out Perry's commands while stationed in the Hathway group.

They had to take it very cautiously down there at the feet of the those islands. It was treacherous going and they took plenty of chances banging into a rocky base.

At eleven o'clock they had completed the circuit of the island three times, seeing nothing. Acting on a hunch, Perry suggested that they lay on the bottom with motors stilled and simply wait.

"For what?" the commander wind that swept across the top.

"Don't know yet," Perry told him. "But something might show up." They had picked the east side of the island; it looked more passable for whatever might pass that way.

They hadn't long to wait. Just past midnight a long, black shape slid past them and vanished into the rock of the island's base. When it had been gone fifteen minutes, Perry ordered the searchlight on and they played it against the wall of the rock that rose straight upward out of the ocean depths. They saw a huge yawning hole big enough to let the Queen Mary through.

"There it is!" cried Perry.

"Just what I thought. Let's go."

The sub entered the black hole carefully and soon was shooting along in the grip of a powerful current. A few minutes later they came into clearer water and rose to the surface. It was an underground harbor, big enough to hold a dozen subs. The enemy undersea craft lay a hundred yards off. It seemed deserted. Then Perry caught sight of the tunnel that led straight up above them, cut through the solid rock of the island's middle. Rope ladders dangled from the lower opening.

It took the crew of the American sub only a few minutes to begin the climb, in the wake of the Japs who had preceded them. But they arrived too late. The last of the gliders was shooting into space as the first man poked his head over the island's top. A huge catapult was anchored at the edge of the top. And out beyond the island floated fifty or more parachutes, carried along by the tremendous wind that swept across the top. Far ahead of them were a score of gliders, making for Garron Island and its neighbors.

"So that's the way they do it," said Perry to the commander. "This terrific wind is enough to start those chutes off, and they have no trouble keeping up till they reach their objective. The catapult and the same stiff wind does the trick for the gliders. This time, however, those boys on Garron and the other isles are prepared for 'em."

And they were. Every available man was stationed, at Perry's suggestion, at the south edge of each island, with guns trained on the approaching death from the skies.



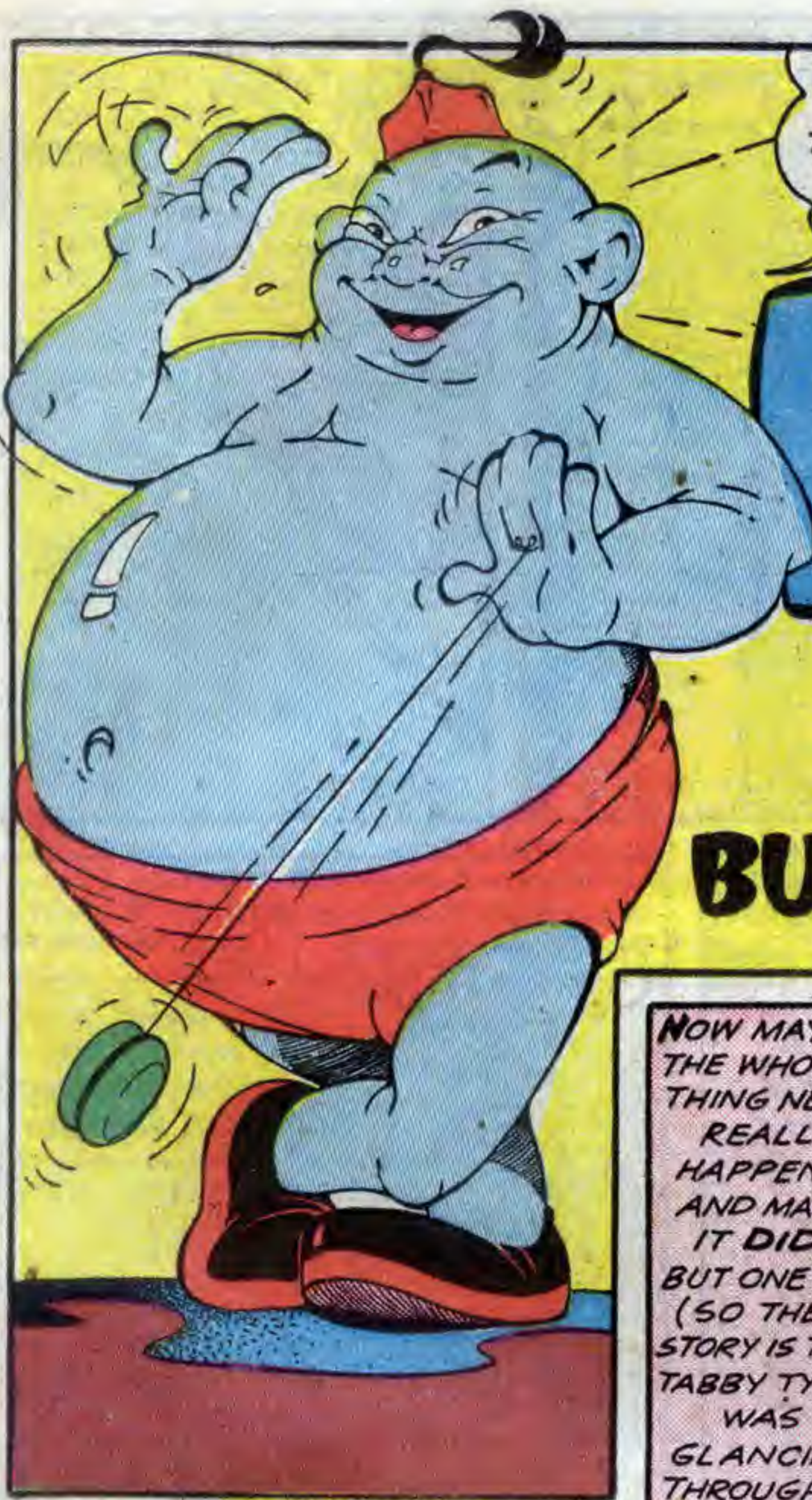
KID ETERNITY
and his
COMIC COMPANION

• **MR. KEEPER** •

WILL THRILL and STARTLE YOU

in the terrific new
HIT COMICS

**NOW ON SALE AT
YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND**



BLIMPY, THAT'S ME! I USED TO BE A STATUE IN A MUSEUM, BUT THEN TABBY TYLER CAME ALONG AND - WELL, THINGS GOT REAL MIXED UP AFTER THAT!

BLIMPY

HE'S HARDLY SKIMPY!

The BUNGLING BUDDHA

NOW MAYBE THE WHOLE THING NEVER REALLY HAPPENED AND MAYBE IT DID, BUT ONE DAY, (SO THE STORY IS TOLD) TABBY TYLER WAS GLANCING THROUGH AN OLD, OLD BOOK..



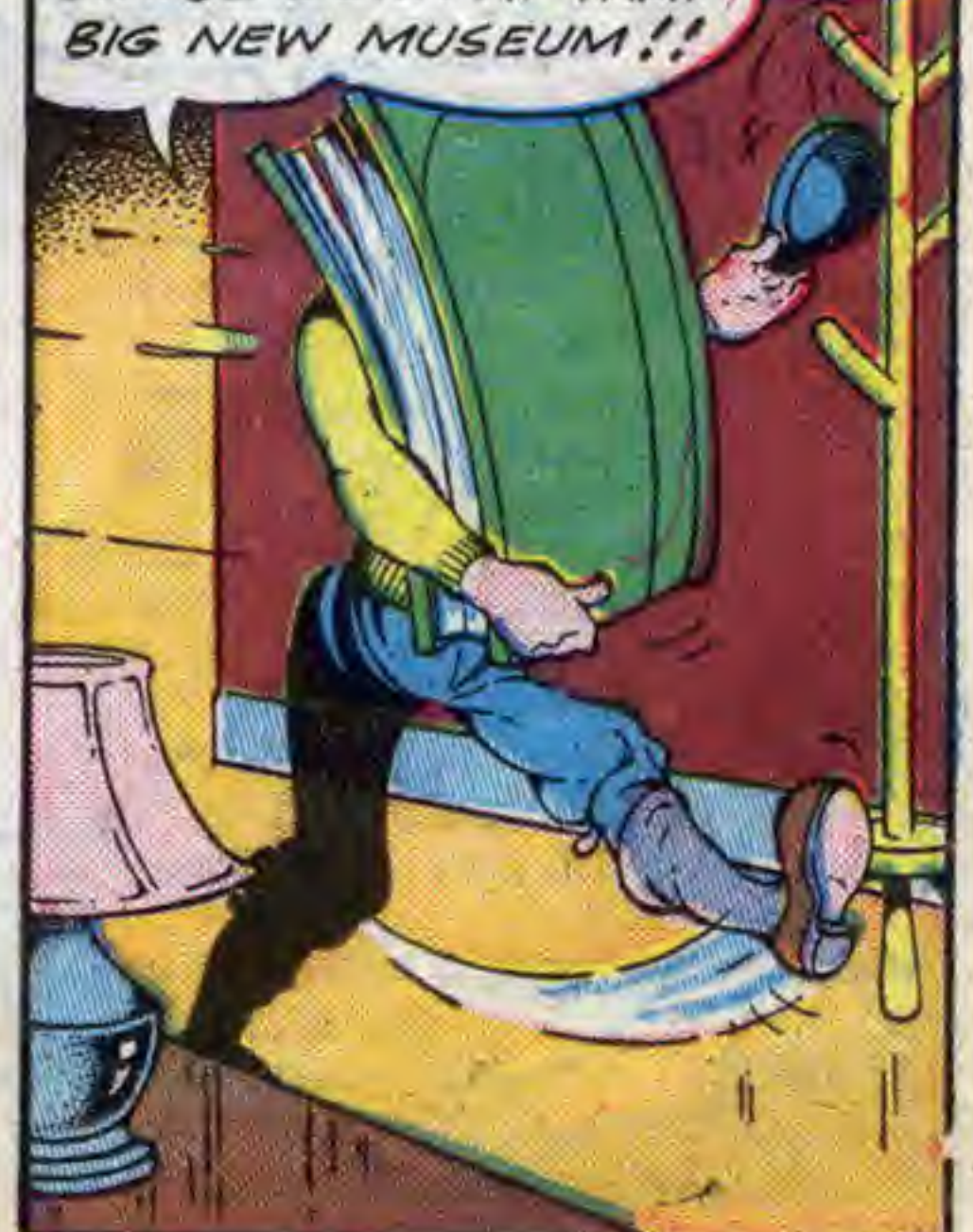
- WHEN THE STATUE WAS FINISHED, IT WAS SO BEAUTIFUL THAT THE SCULPTOR FELL IN LOVE WITH IT, SO HE SPOKE THE MAGIC WORDS AND THE STATUE CAME TO LIFE.



HOW COULD A SILLY THING LIKE THAT EVER HAPPEN? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! AND I CAN PROVE IT.



I'LL JUST GO OUT AND TRY THOSE MAGIC WORDS ON A STATUE DOWN AT THAT BIG NEW MUSEUM!!





WELL, THIS LOOKS LIKE A
NICE QUIET SPOT, AND THERE'S
A SWELL STATUE!



THE LABEL SAYS IT'S AN
"ANCIENT ORIENTAL BUDDHA"
SOUNDS IMPORTANT, BUT I
GUESS I CAN TRY
OUT THE WORDS
ON IT!



NOW LET'S SEE... "OGGLE DOGGLE
WOGGLE IBBIDY BIBBIDY SIBBIDY
SAB- DICTIONARY
DOWN THE FERRY-
OUT GOES IPSO FACTO
WITH THE FLOY-FLOY!"



O.K. MR. BUDDHA, GO
AHEAD AND MOVE!
I KNEW THOSE
WORDS WERE
PHONEY! GO
AHEAD AND
SAY SOMETHING,
I DARE YA!



NOW ISN'T THAT SILLY?
HOW CAN I SAY SOMETHING?
I'M ONLY AN OLD
STATUE...

OF COURSE!
THAT'S JUST
WHAT I WAS
TRYING TO PROVE!
THAT'S WHY! —

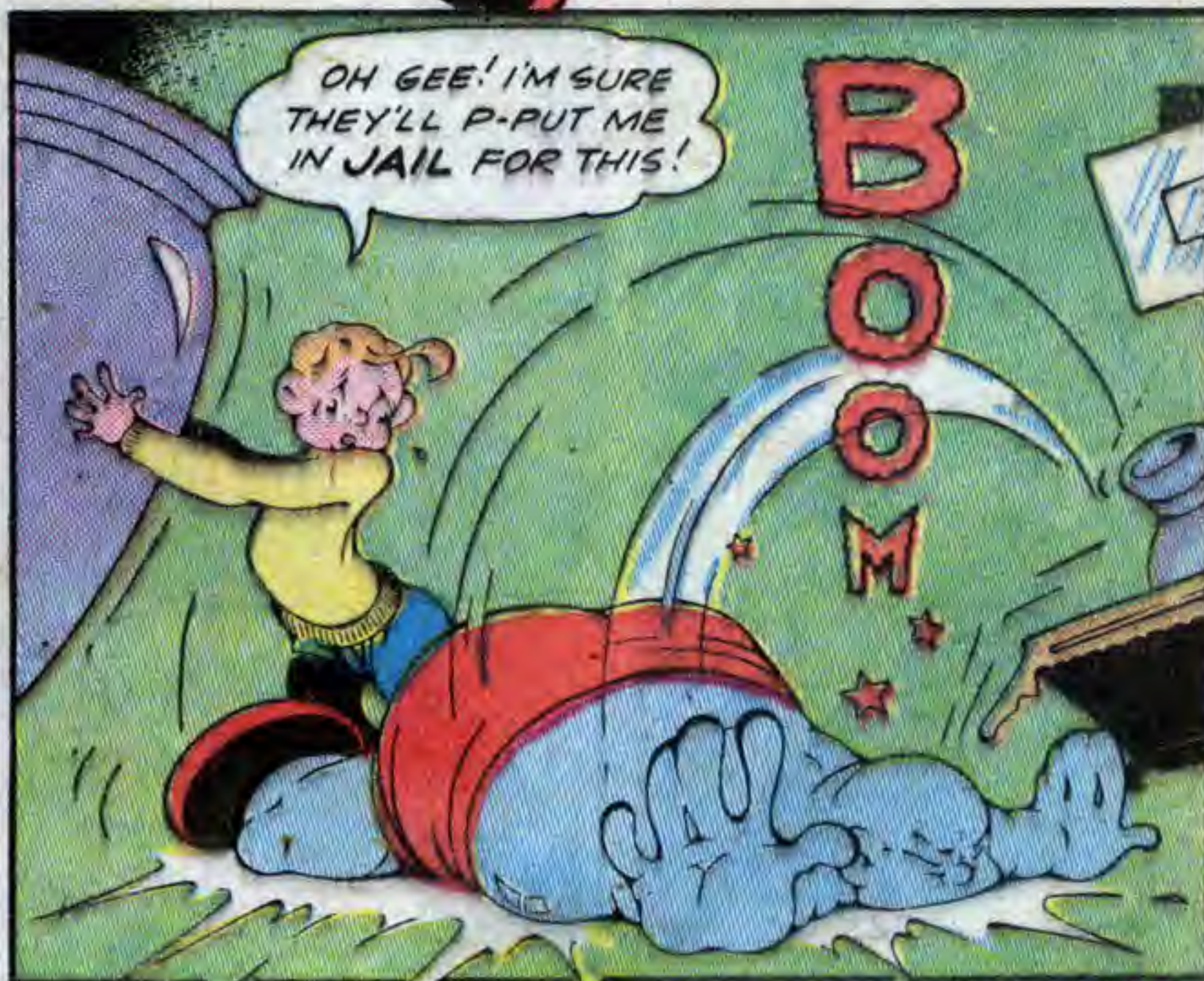


OMIGOSH! IT DID
SAY SOMETHING!

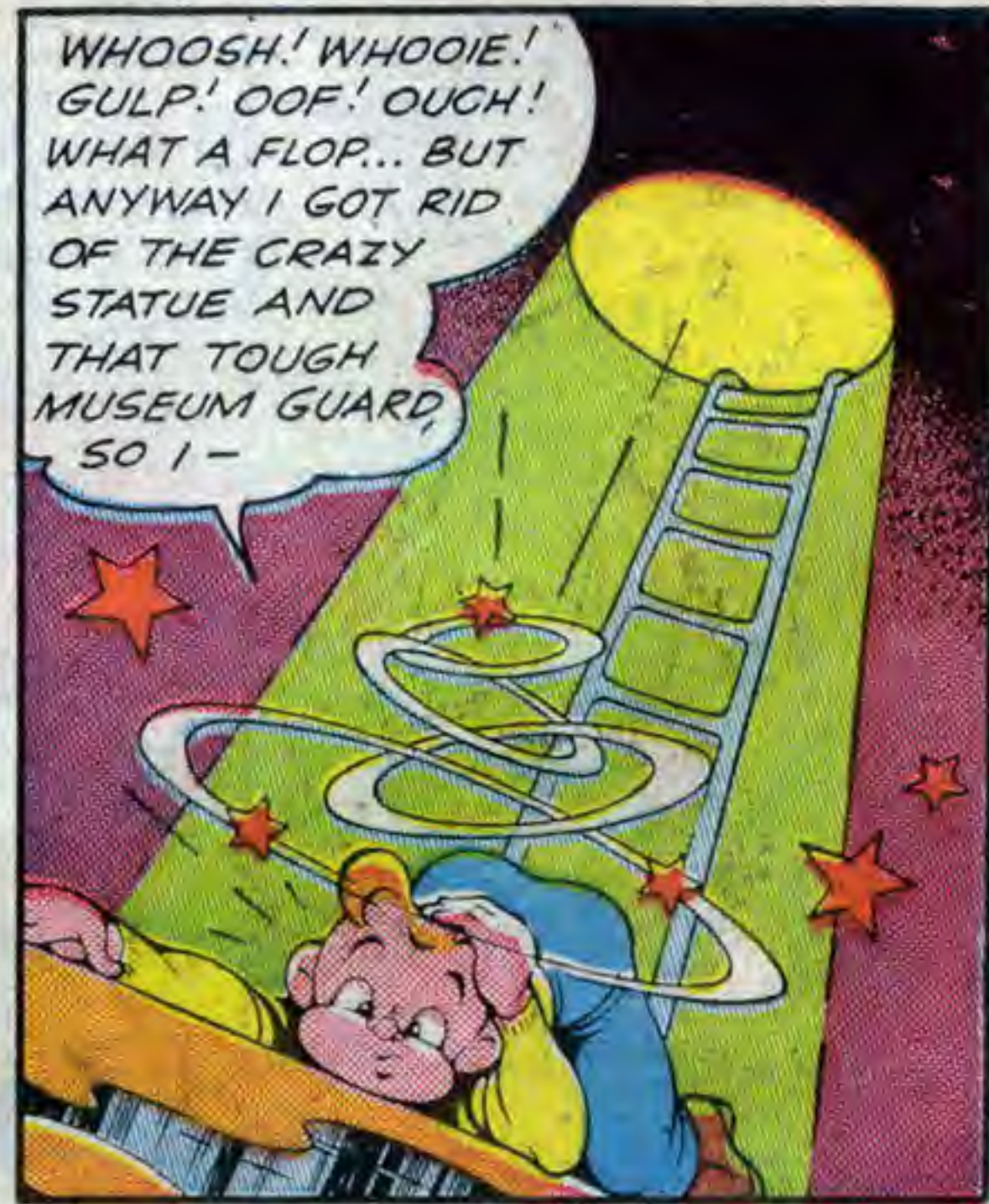
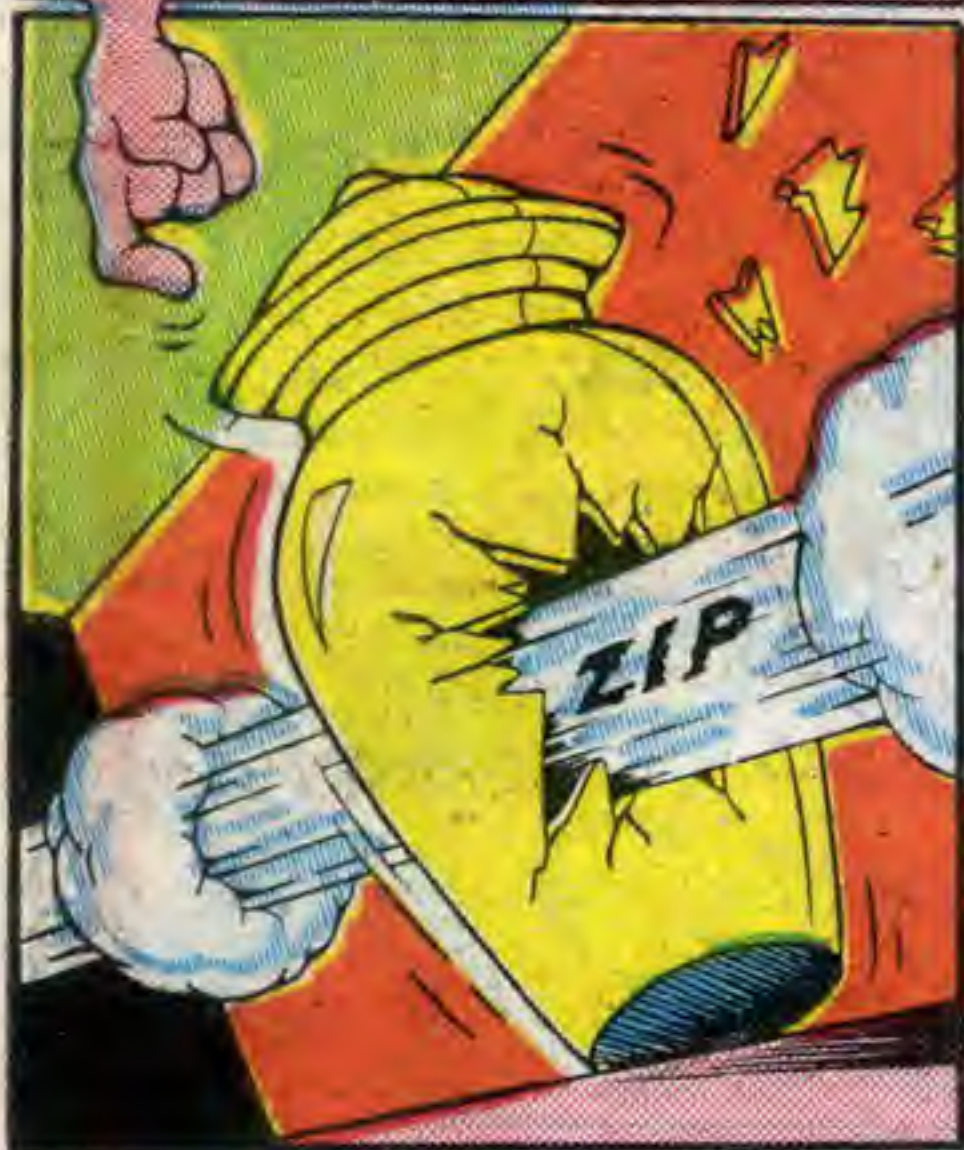


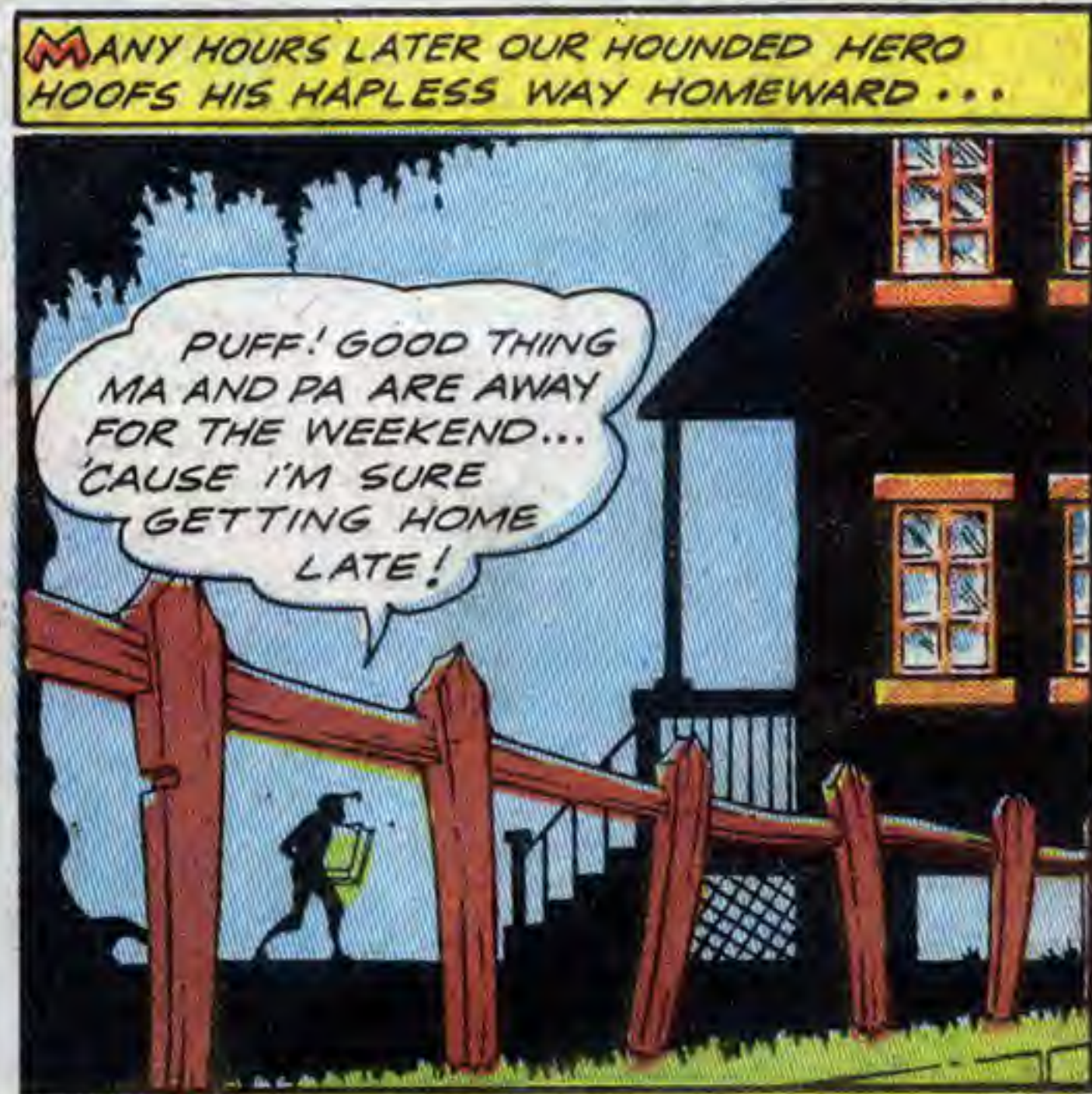
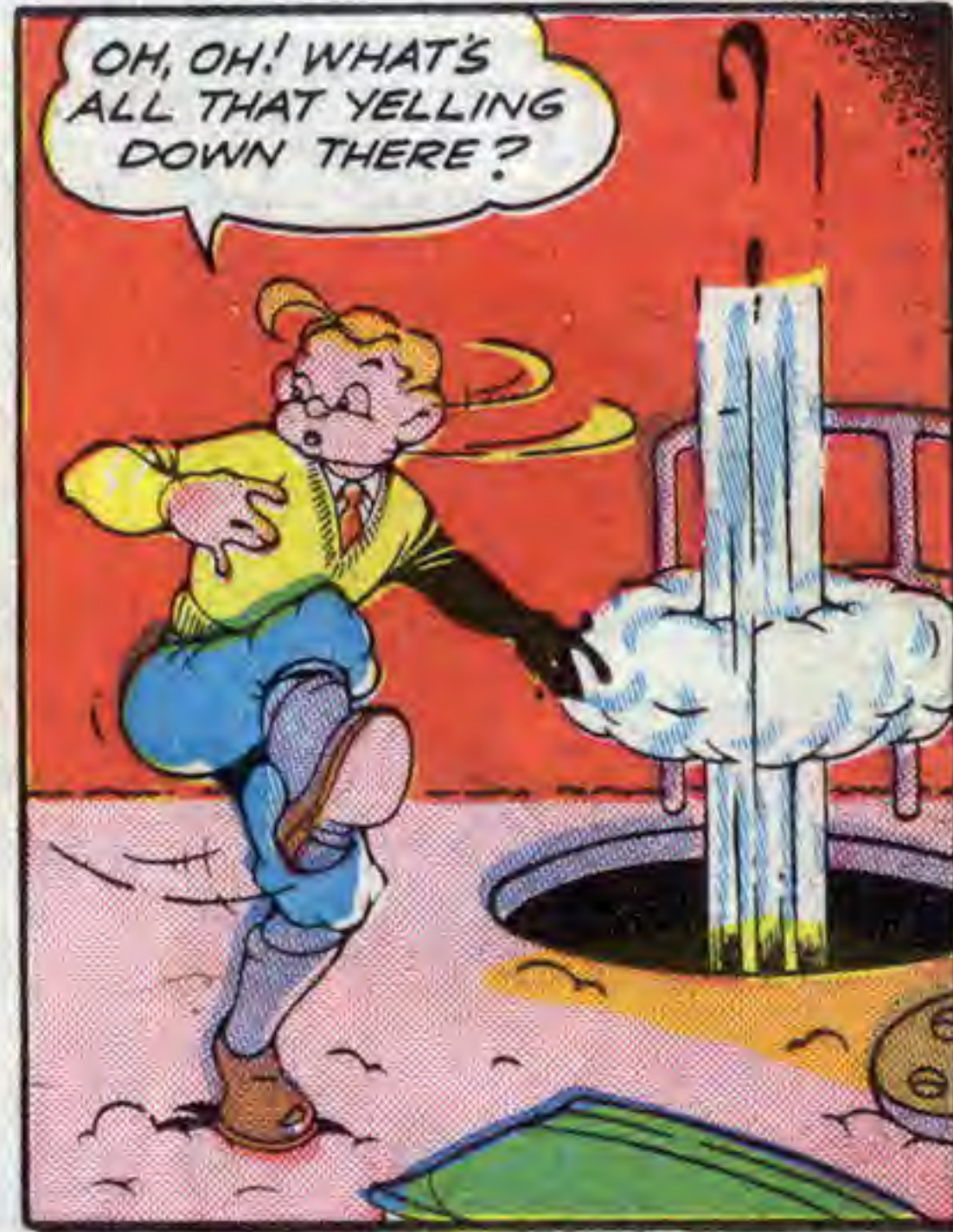
GEE, MR. BUDDHA,
YOU WERE J-JUST
T-TALKING, SO YOU
REALLY M-MUST
HAVE C-COME
TO LIFE!

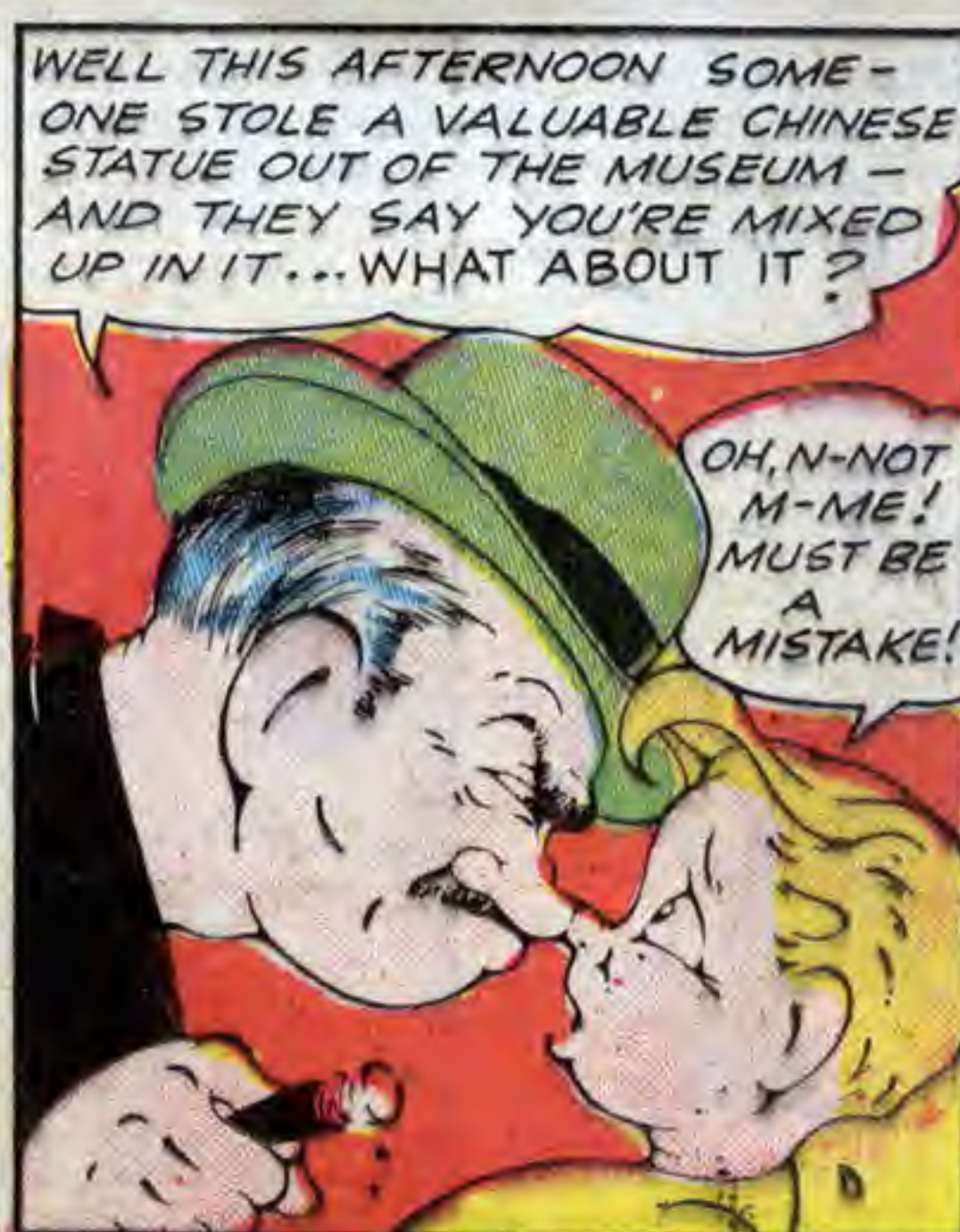
BUT IT'S SO... IT'S
SO... WHY IT'S...
GULP!... GOSH!
I THINK YOU'RE
RIGHT AT
THAT!

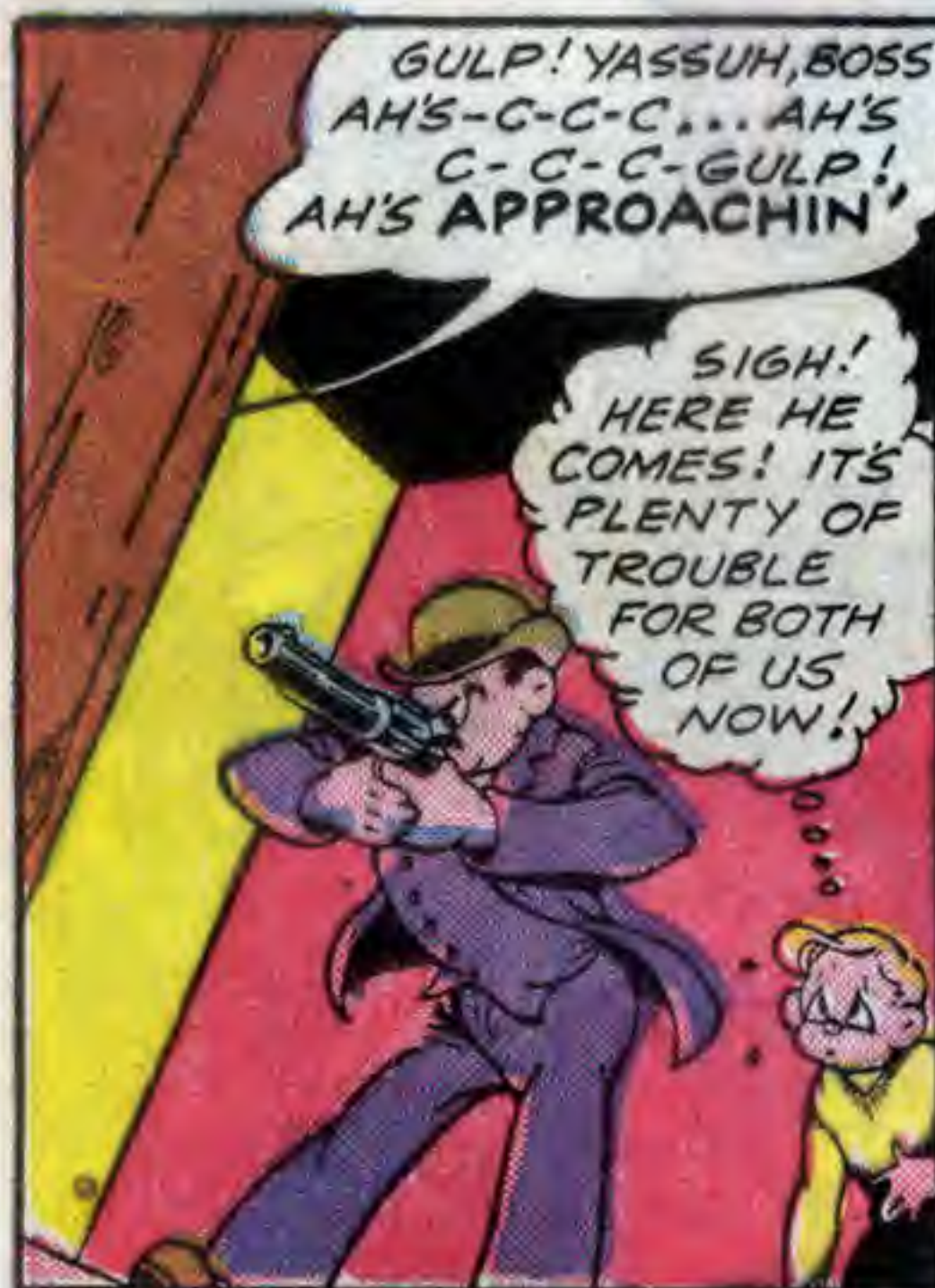


THE FELLOW YOU DO NOT SEE
IS TABBY TYLER SHOOTING
THROUGH THE MUSEUM AT
80 MILES AN HOUR.











AHEM!
HOW TO
BE A SUPER
SALESMAN...!

TO START
WITH, YOU
HAVE TO BE
A MAN!

POWER IS
WHAT MAKES
A
SALESMAN
GULP!

BE
DYNAMIC!

PUT YOUR FOOT
DOWN AND SAY TO
YOURSELF-NOTHING
CAN STOP
ME!

KEEP
YOURSELF FIT...
STAMINA... PERSEVERANCE!

NEVER

GIVE

UP!

BE SURE
OF YOURSELF -
NEVER MAKE A
SLIP!

BE A
CLIMBER -
NEVER STAY
AT THE
BOTTOM!

And the **BOYVILLE**
BRIGADIERS

PLOP

By
PAUL GUSTAVSON

THAT LITTLE MAN LEARNING TO BE A SUPER SALESMAN IS WILBERT T. THUMP! LITTLE DOES HE KNOW HE'S HEADED FOR A HECTIC CAREER HE HADN'T PLANNED! WE FIND HIM...





HEY, FELLAS... LISTEN-
I SAW HIM
FIRST!

EASY NOW, WE'RE
RIGHT IN FRONT
OF THE PLANT!



LOOK - I'M ONLY
TRYING TO MAKE A
LIVING! AW NUTS!
HEY- MAYBE I COULD
GET INTO THIS PLANT
AND PICK UP A
LITTLE BUSINESS!

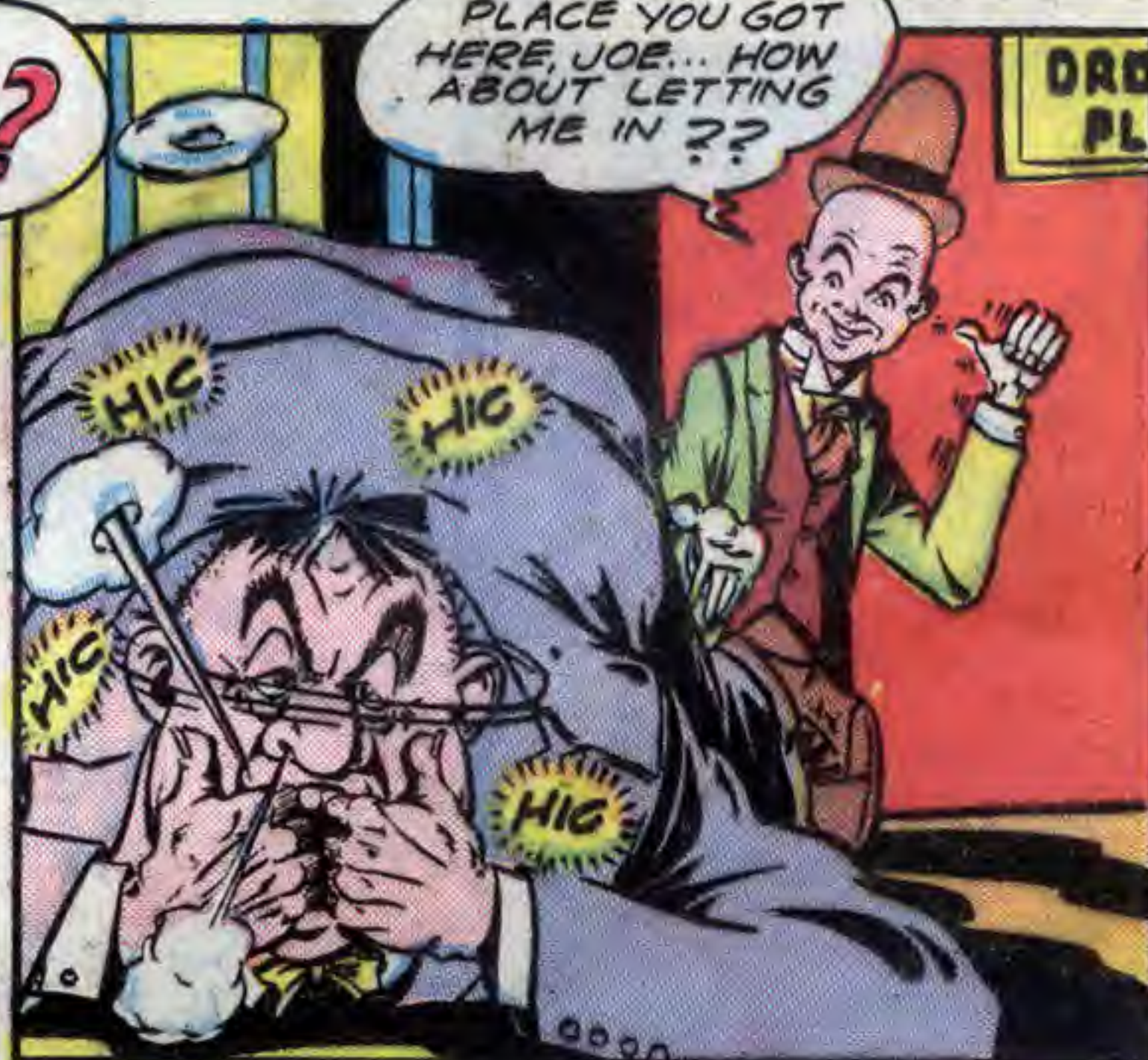


I'LL USE
CHAPTER
FOUR FROM
MY
BOOK!



HELLO. JOE.
WHADDA Y'KNOW?

WHAM!



NICE
PLACE YOU GOT
HERE, JOE... HOW
ABOUT LETTING
ME IN ??

HIC

HIC

HIC

HIC



WHADDA Y'SAY, JOE,
GONNA LET
ME IN?



SURE!

WHOP



HEY!

I'D HAVE OPENED THE GATE!

THIS FELLA HAS TO SEE ALFRED KRANTZ!
IT'S URGENT!

HE ISN'T 'HIC' IN YET! 'HIC' OH HERE COMES A CAR NOW!



HOLY CATS!! HEY, RUSTY- ISN'T THAT THE SAME CAR AS THIS GUY WAS SHOT AT FROM!

IT'S IDENTICAL! BOY- THIS IS A COINCIDENCE!

KURT! ?? KURT LUGER! I-I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN GERMANY.

I WAS... TOO LONG! YOU WERE RIGHT ALFRED... GERMANY IS NOT RIGHT AS I ONCE THOUGHT! THEY HAF KEPT ME AS A SLAVE FOR THREE YEARS... WORKING ME DAY AND NIGHT TO PERFECT OUR MAGNETIC SHELLS!



KURT- YOU DID NOT!

NO, ALFRED- I COULD NOT FIGURE IT OUT... THE PART OF THE PLANS YOU ALONE KNOW!! I HAF COME HERE TO GIVE YOU MY SECRET AND LET YOU COMPLETE IT FOR THE GLORIOUS ALLIES OF FREEDOM!

NO KURT- VE VILL VORK TOGETHER FOR OUR MUTUAL CAUSE!

WE'LL HAVE YOU FIXED UP IN NO TIME!



TIME PASSES, AND THE TWO GERMAN ENGINEERS WORK FEVERISHLY IN PIECING TOGETHER THEIR PLANS OF THE MAGNETIC SHELLS

MAJOR BRANDON... WE HAV FOUND A FLAW IN OUR PLANS... AND WE CANNOT FIGURE OUT HOW TO COMPLETE IT! IF WE HAD TIME WE COULD...

TIME IS TOO VALUABLE! I'LL GET THE BEST ENGINEERS IN THE COUNTRY TO ASSIST YOU!



SEVERAL DAYS AND NIGHTS LATER...

THERE IT IS BOYS - NOW I'M GOING HOME AND SLEEP!

THE MAGNETIC SHELL IS COMPLETED!



Y'KNOW, FELLAS... I DON'T LIKE THIS SET UP ABOUT THE MAGNETIC SHELL!

WHAT ABOUT IT?

I DON'T KNOW-EXCEPT THAT I'M PRETTY SURE GERMANY WOULDN'T HAVE LET THOSE TWO ENGINEERS ESCAPE WITH SOMETHING SO VALUABLE!

NOT AS EASY AS THAT! HOW ABOUT THE CAR KRANTZ HAS- IT'S IDENTICAL TO THE ONE THAT THE SHOT'S CAME FROM, AND LUGER WAS IN PRETTY GOOD SHAPE TO HAVE ESCAPED ALL THE WAY FROM GERMANY.

HOLY SMOKES, RUSTY - IS THERE ANYONE YOU'RE NOT SUSPICIOUS OF?

NOBODY LETS ANYBODY ESCAPE- THEY JUST DO!



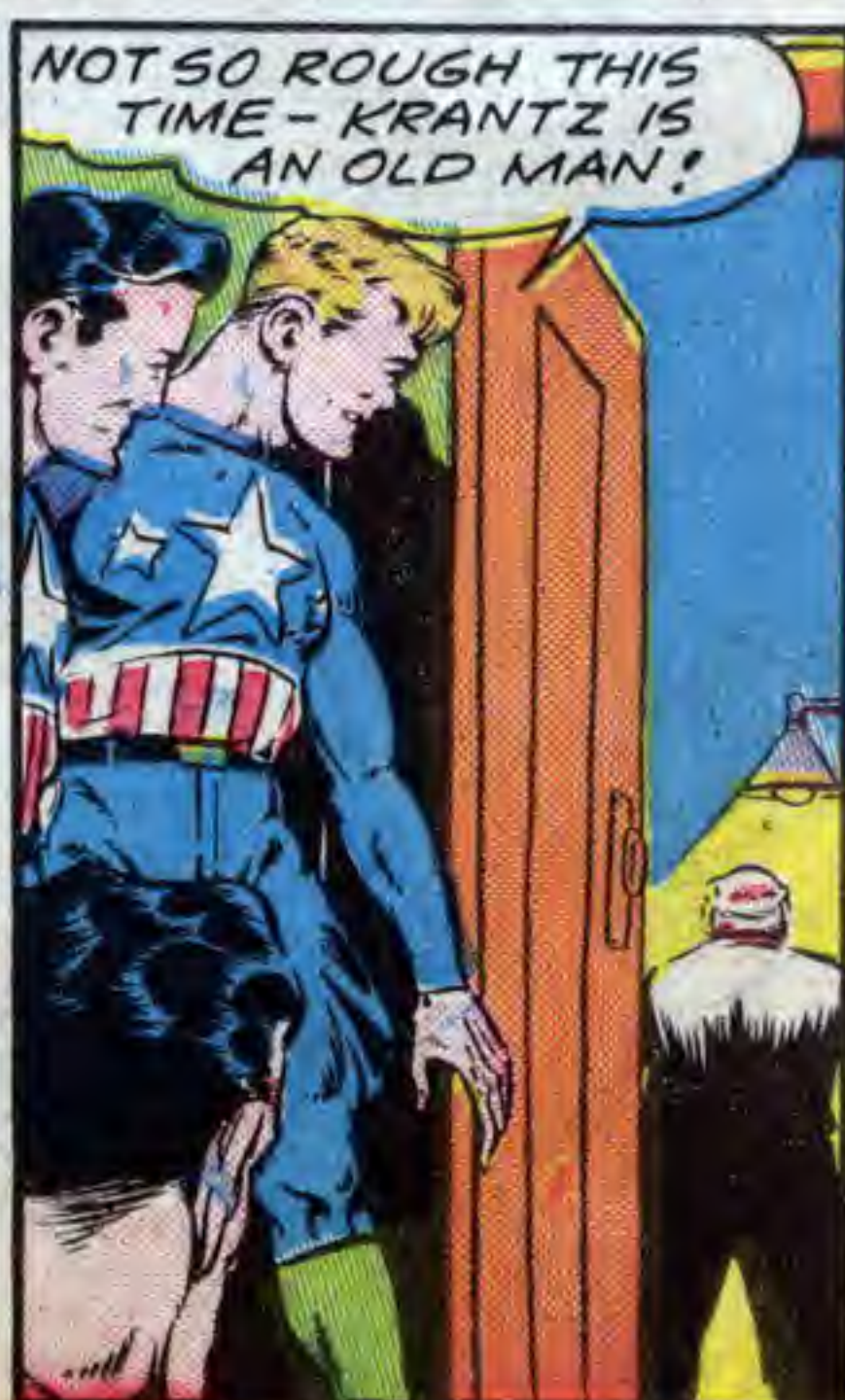
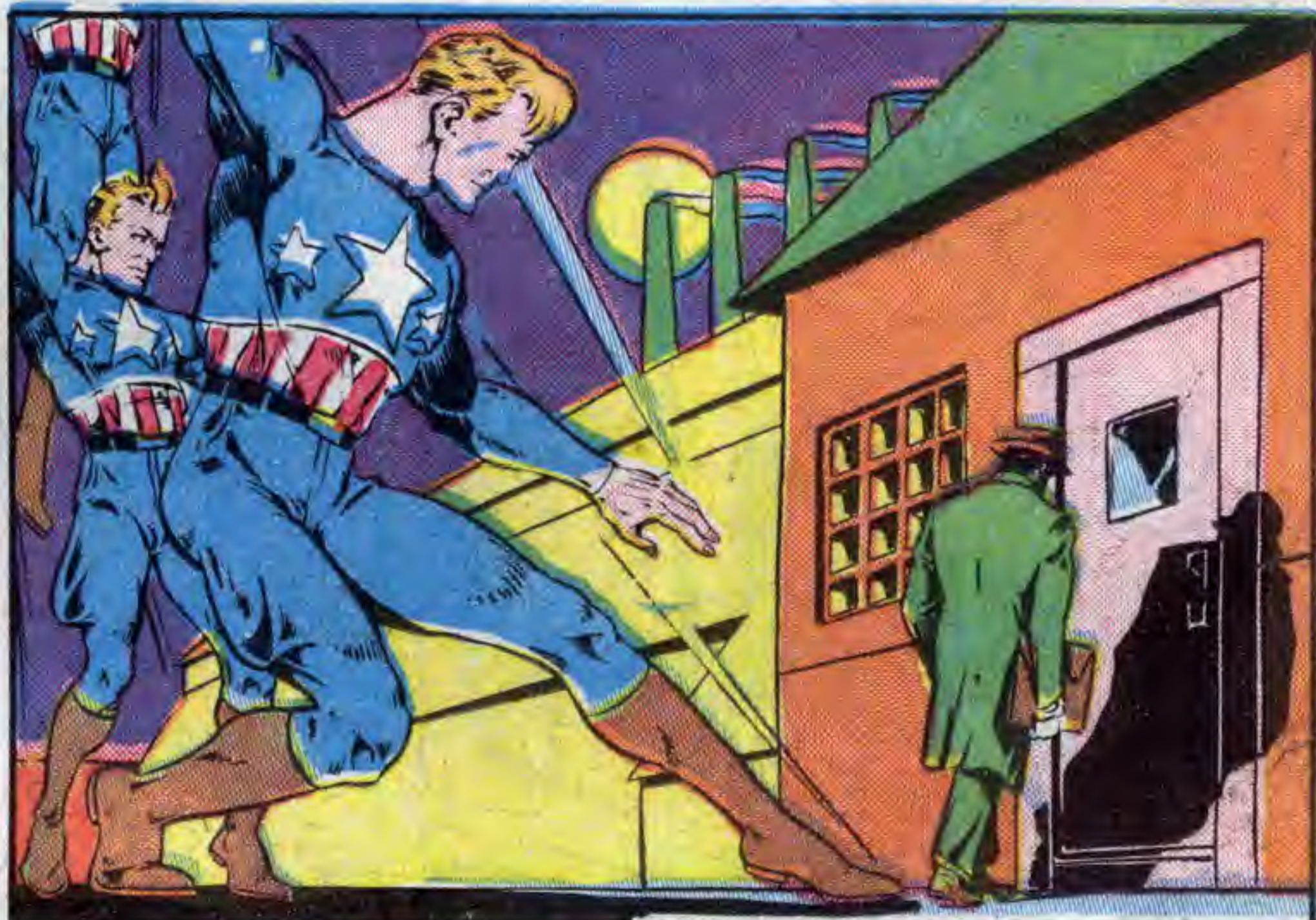
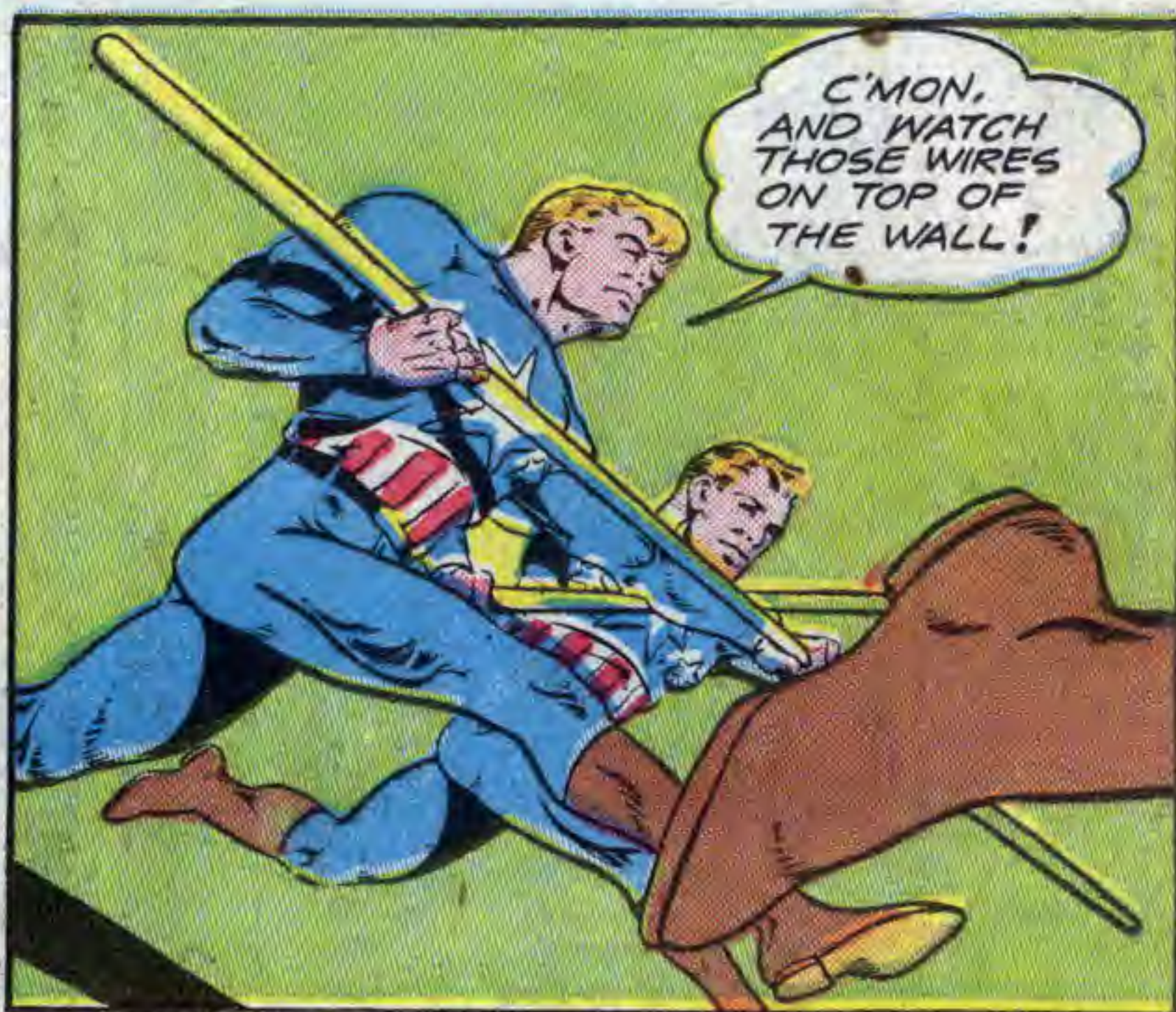
NO!-NOT AFTER AMERICAN ENGINEERS ACTUALLY COMPLETED THE JOB!

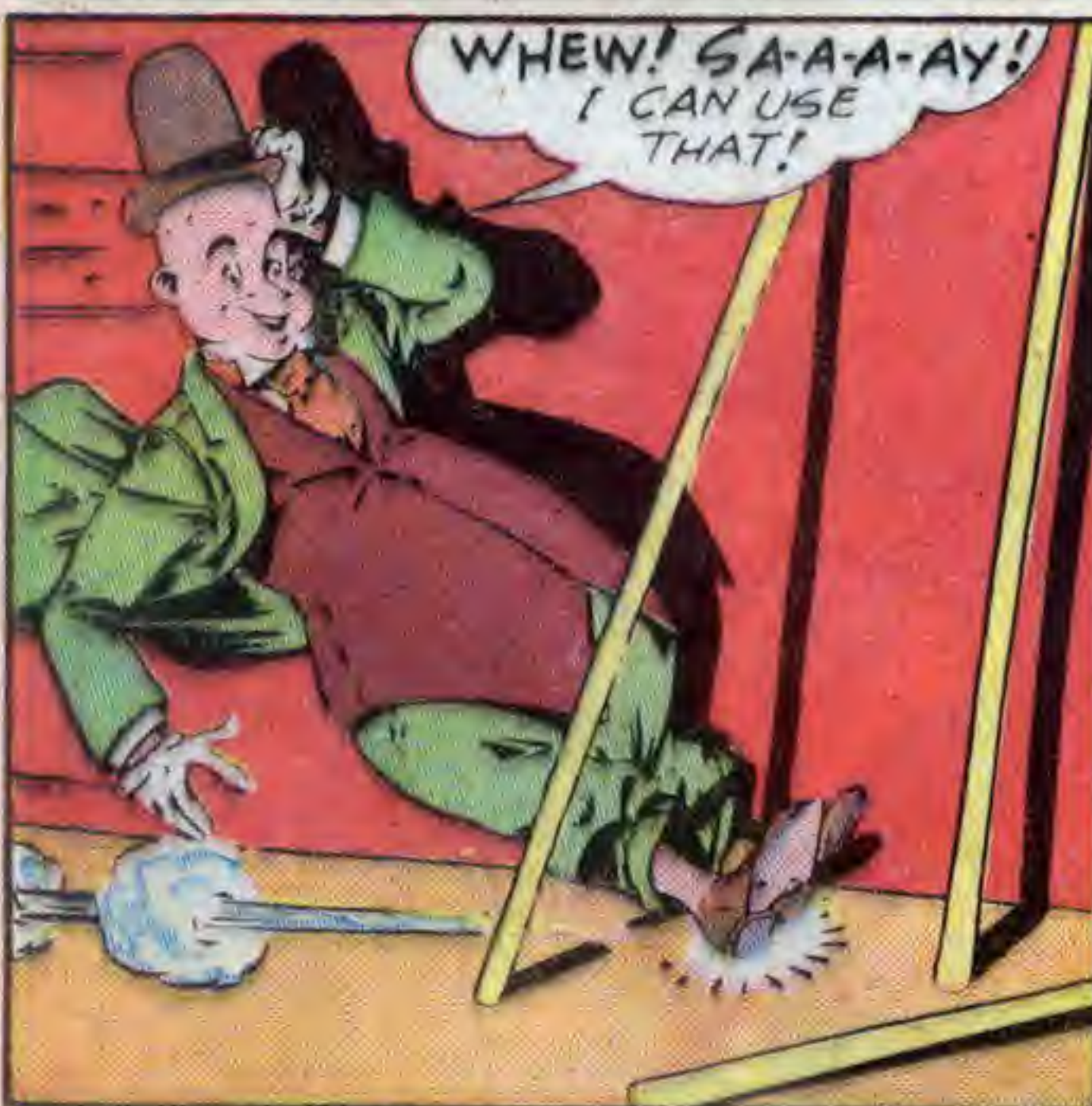
AHA! MAYBE THEY'RE WORKING FOR GERMANY... GOT STUCK... PHONEYED UP ALL THIS TO GET THE SHELL FINISHED... AND ZOOP - THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE A PLANE BACK TO GERMANY AGAIN!

I'M NOT KIDDING-IT'S POSSIBLE! LISTEN, FELLAS, I'VE AN IDEA THAT'LL BRING ANYTHING PHONEY TO LIGHT... AND IF EVERYTHING'S ON THE LEVEL - NOBODY'LL BE THE WORSE OFF!

OH-OH-HERE WE GO!









HOLY CATS!
ONE OF THOSE
POLES WE USED MUST
HAVE TOUCHED THE
CHARGED WIRES ON
THE FENCE AND
SET OFF THE ALARM!



LATER... AT THE MORGUE...



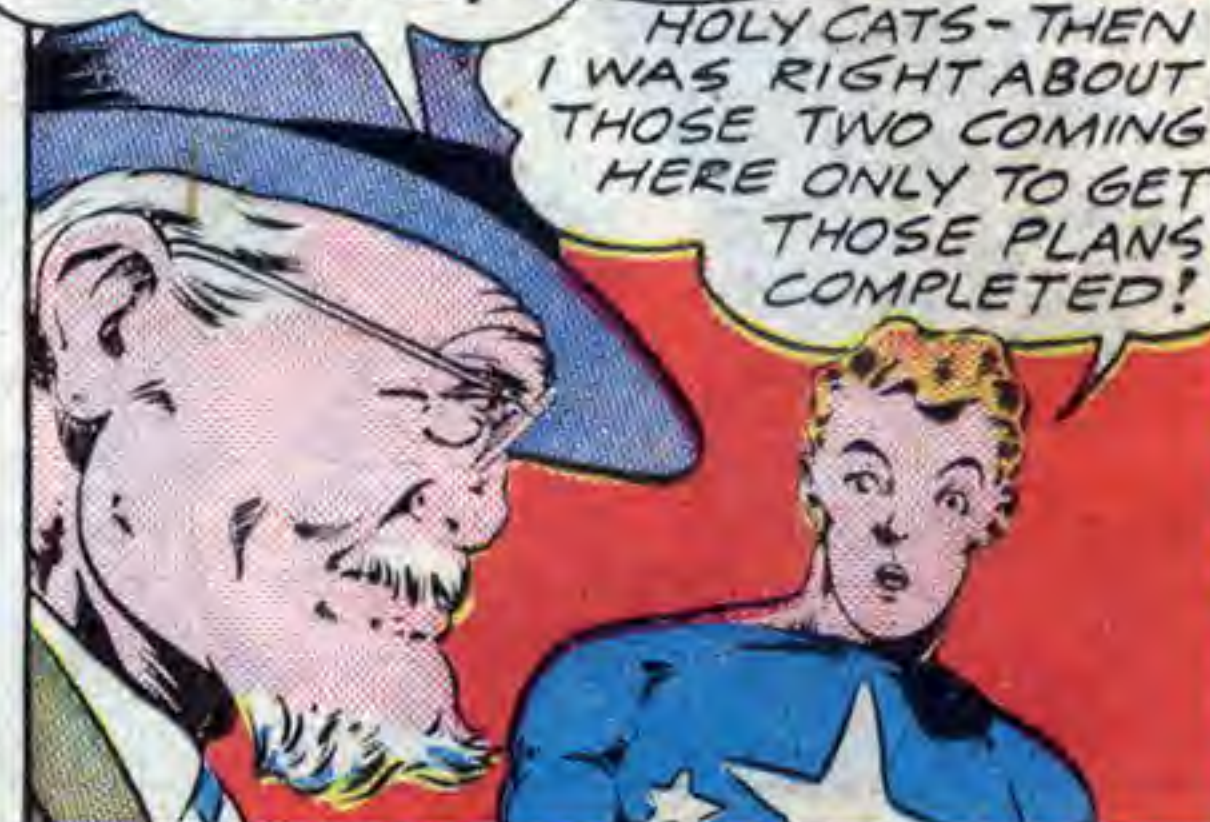
HERE IT IS -
THE CORONER HASN'T
REMOVED THE
BULLET!

HERE - COMPARE THE
ONES YOU HAVE WITH
THIS ONE!



KRANTZ!

PRECISELY! WHEN I FOUND A
BULLET MISSING FROM MY GUN, I
HAD A FEELING THIS WAS THE
REASON IT WAS MISSING! TOO BAD
I MADE A MISTAKE AND THOUGHT
MY FRIEND LUGER HAD STOLEN
THOSE PLANS... WE WERE BOTH TO
SHARE THE HONOR OF TAKING THEM
BACK TO DER FUEHRER. COM-
PLETED! BUT NOW I MUST
DO IT ALONE!



HOLY CATS - THEN
I WAS RIGHT ABOUT
THOSE TWO COMING
HERE ONLY TO GET
THOSE PLANS
COMPLETED!

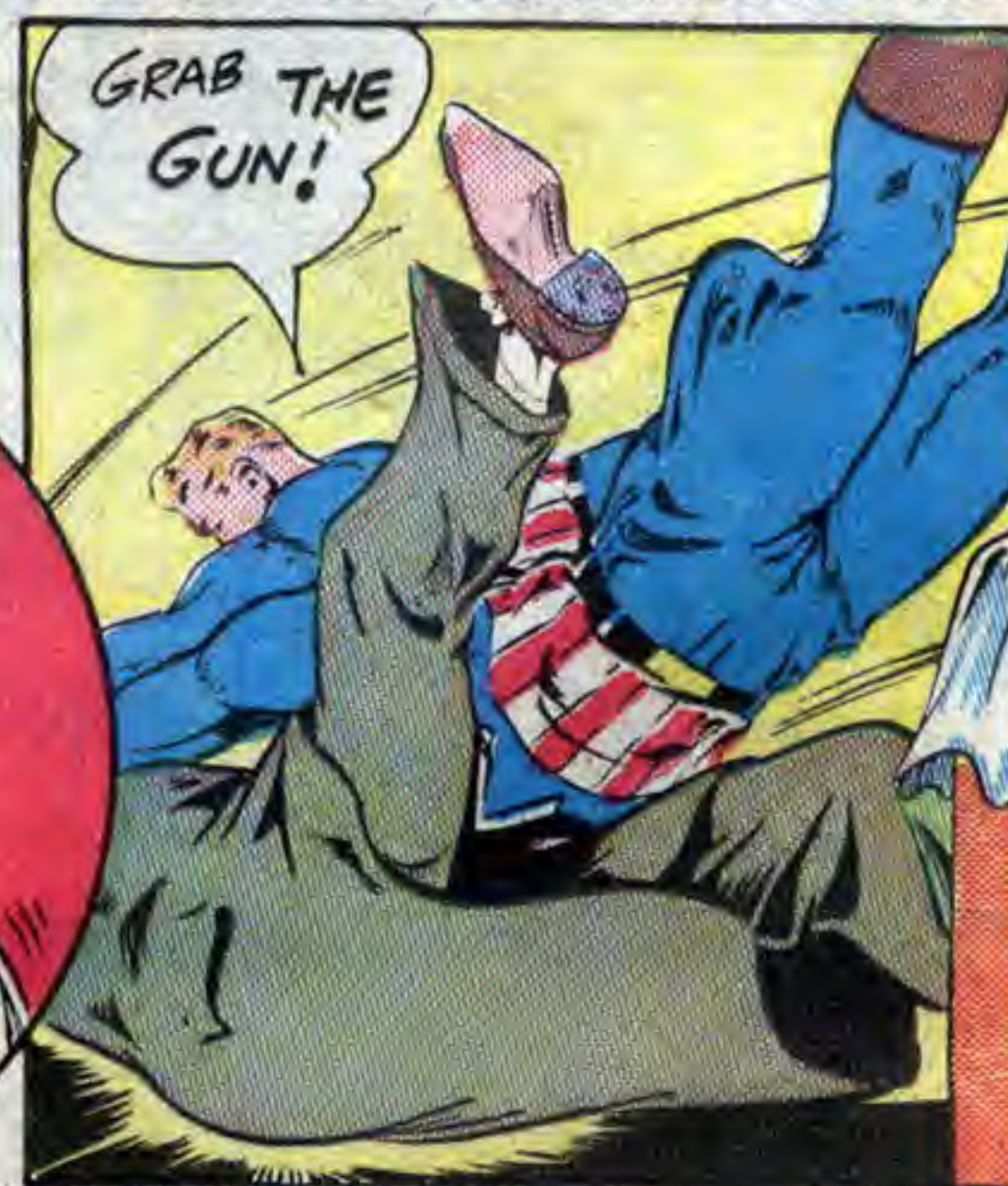
RIGHT, SCOTTY! THE
ONLY THING IS -
WE HAVE THE
PLANS NOW!

HA-HA-HA - THAT IS
TRIVIAL! THE
PLAN IS ALSO... IN...
MY... MIND... GULP...

OOOOHHH!
LEMME
OUTA
HERE!



AS KRANTZ GAZES IN AMAZEMENT...



GRAB THE
GUN!

You!?

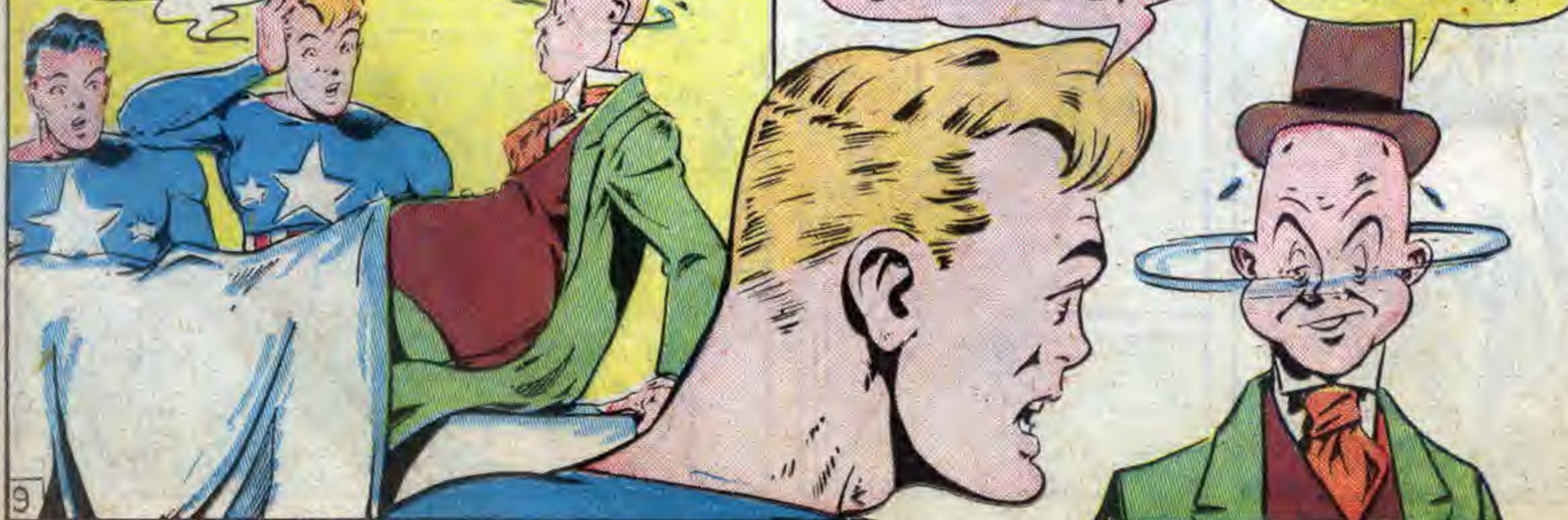
I THOUGHT
YOU WERE
DEAD!??

SO'D THE DOCTOR
WHEN HE LISTENED TO
MY HEART!



HUH?! WELL WHY
DIDN'T YOU
TELL HIM YOU
WEREN'T DEAD!
JUMPING CATFISH -
YOU COULDA BEEN
BURIED ALIVE!

I KNOW - I KNOW...
BUT DID YOU EVER
TRY TO TALK
WITH YOUR
HEART IN
YOUR
MOUTH!!??



Watch for the next Rusty Ryan thriller in the February issue.

New DAISY Play Guns READY

BANG BANG BANG

**- FAST AS YOU
CAN WORK IT!**

HARMLESS!

★ Military Gun Sling

★ Fast Pump Action

★ A Repeater

★ "Bang!" Noise

★ Genuine Daisy Quality
and Durability

\$1.19
Plus
6c
Postage

Duty Added
in Canada

DAISY COMMANDO

Repeating **PLAY GUN**

Get and shoot this new, safe fun gun—the DAISY COMMANDO! (Not an air rifle.) Just put that husky stock to your shoulder, grab the pump action and let 'er go!

Makes a "BANG!" each time you work it. Be a Commando! Carry it on your back with the military-type gun sling—like a Commando does! Absolutely harmless. Exciting fun, indoors, outdoors. Ideal for military drills. Ask Dad or Mother to send only \$1.19 plus 6c for postage-handling direct to us and we'll ship your COMMANDO postpaid at once! (Or use your own money!)

This beautiful red,
white and blue Daisy
Victory Model Crest ap-
pears on each play gun stock.



TURN THE CRANK

**RAT-TAT - TAT - A - TAT
RAT-TAT - TAT - A
TAT-TAT**

DAISY CHATTERMATIC

89¢

Plus 11c Postage
Duty Added in Canada

TURN the firing crank—hear this sub-machine gungo "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!" Sounds like a real Tommy Gun—the kind soldiers carry. Daisy CHATTERMATIC is safe, harmless. Realistic handgrip, round magazine in machine gun style. It "shoots noise"—and plenty of it! Not an air rifle. Sturdy, all-wood construction. Jet black barrel, red magazine, natural wood finish stock. You'll be the envy of the other kids when your Daisy CHATTERMATIC starts "chattering." Light, easy to carry and use. Genuine Daisy quality and workmanship. Get yours now. If you haven't the money—ask Dad or Mother to mail only 89c plus 11c for postage-handling DIRECT to Daisy and we'll ship CHATTERMATIC immediately! Do it now!

TO BOYS OF AIR RIFLE AGE:

Your Daisy Dealer may have some Daisy Air Rifles in stock. Tell DAD you want one for Christmas... suggest he buy it right now from the Dealer—because no more Daisy Air Rifles will be manufactured during the war. Daisy is TOO busy making war products for Victory.

Attention PARENTS!

These two new Daisy play guns carry the Commendation Seal from PARENTS' MAGAZINE. They are made of wood on machines not needed for war production. The COMMANDO and CHATTERMATIC are harmless but give plenty of a-c-t-i-o-n and noise to children from 4 to 11 years old. Both are superior in workmanship, durability, and quality. Order DIRECT from us



DAISY PLAY GUNS MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WORLD-FAMOUS

DAISY AIR RIFLES

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

HONORS TO ALL

WHO HELP US WIN!



JOHNNY T. takes over! Big Sam who cleaned the school grounds is in the Navy now. So Johnny T. and his pals carry on. (They sweeten their labors with chewy TOOTSIE ROLLS. America's favorite candy!)



LOOK AT ELSIE D. painting furniture for the U. S. O. Recreation House! She slings a mean brush (and peps herself up with chocolatey TOOTSIE ROLLS. Tootsies are swell for muscles . . . and brains too!)



DONALD S. has distributed hundreds of posters to storekeepers! We say hurray for Donald! He says hurray for TOOTSIE ROLLS, his favorite candy! Donald eats at least one Tootsie Roll a day!



JENNIE B. gives mother more time for war work . . . by fixing the lunches for her brothers and herself. Tootsies go into their lunch boxes every day! They're energy-food!



America's favorite chewy chocolate candy

EVER TASTE A TOOTSIE POP?

Look at this picture of a Tootsie Pop cut open. It has a "heart" of soft chewy Tootsie Rolls! Two candies in one . . . All for a penny!



"BE STRONG-TO WIN!" SAYS UNCLE SAM

Uncle Sam wants you to eat what's nourishing, pure, and gives you energy. So eat plenty of chewy, chocolatey Tootsie Rolls . . .

RICH IN DEXTROSE FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY

Tootsie Rolls

1¢ AND 5¢

TAKE A TIP! TAKE A TOOTSIE! IT'S TOPS!

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Don Scam!



**Happy Falker
Satherhood
2010!**